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THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

LADY M. CRICHTON.



A marriage has been arranged between Lady Mabel Crichton, daughter of the Earl of Erne, and Lord Hugh Grosvenor, son of the late Duke of Westminster.

SURREY v. AUSTRALIA AT THE OVAL YESTERDAY.

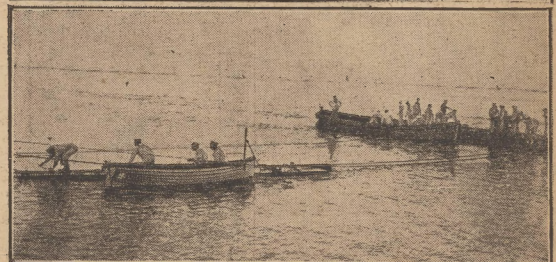
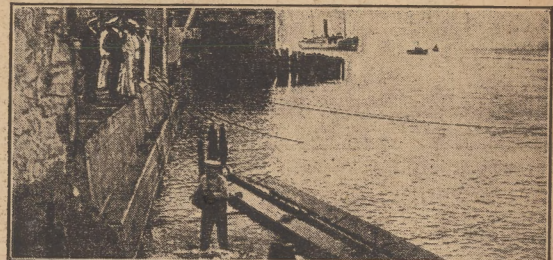


Mr. Smaun Sing Hpoo, of Burmah, smallest cricketer in the world, entering the field with Mr. Noble, the best all-round cricketer in the world.



Hobbs, of the Surrey team (the player nearest to the reader, who made such a magnificent score. The photograph was taken at the Oval yesterday.

SEALING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR YESTERDAY AGAINST AN INVADER.



A boom was placed across the entrance to the port yesterday. The first photograph shows how the chain was hauled taut by machinery. The top photograph on the right-hand side shows the launching of the boom, and the picture below gives a good idea of how the sections of the boom were placed in position and laced so firmly as to withstand the charge of an enemy's ships.—(Cribb, Southsea.)

MR. BALFOUR ON NATIONAL DEFENCE

Invasion of Great Britain
Not To Be Contemplated.

INDIAN PERIL.

No Fear of a Snap Invasion, but
Russia Creeps Closer.

A momentous pronouncement upon the subject of Imperial Defence was made by the Prime Minister to a crowded House of Commons yesterday.

Mr. Balfour announced that the Committee of Defence had come to the following important conclusions:—

- 1.—That a serious invasion of these islands was not a conclusion which need be contemplated.
 - 2.—That the Fleet and Army should as far as possible be concentrated at the centre of the Empire, for distribution as necessity arose.
 - 3.—That the existing difficulties which a force would have to overcome in the invasion of India should be maintained.
- "The invasion of India," said the Premier, "has been the dream of many military leaders and the bugbear of successive Governments in this country. The progress of Russia towards Afghanistan by the construction of strategic railways compelled the Government to consider in all seriousness what could and could not be done by our great military neighbour.

"No surprise and no rush is possible in an invasion of India."

The dangers to be feared in the future were:—

- 1.—The slow absorption of the Afghan tribes.
- 2.—Russia's strategic railways creeping closer to the frontier.

"If," said the Premier gravely, "those things are permitted, we shall have to pay for our supineness by having to keep on foot a much larger Army than can be contemplated with equanimity, and be faced with the greatest military problem which has ever confronted the Government of this country."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Liberal Cabinet Makers—Sir Antony Macdonnell To Be Irish Secretary.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—Amateur Cabinet-makers in framing lists of forthcoming Liberal Ministers have always had a difficulty in selecting a suitable person as Chief Secretary for Ireland, not one of the present Front Opposition men caring to face the difficulties of what must be a trying situation.

The problem has, however, been solved by the Liberal leaders, who have resolved to ask no less a personage than Sir Antony Macdonnell to accept the office.

It is no secret that the office of Irish Chief Secretary has been Sir Antony's great ambition, and as he is persona grata with the Irish Nationalists, there is every reason to believe that the appointment would smooth out one of the chief difficulties of the Liberal Party if returned to power.

A safe seat has been discovered for Sir Antony, and all is in readiness for his transfer as soon as the Liberals assume the reins of office.

To-morrow many ladies of Liberal professions will swarm to the House in the hope of seeing the Women's Suffrage Bill successfully piloted through the House, but certain members, anxious to defer the division on this measure, have developed a sudden affection for the Lighting of Vehicles Bill, which precedes it, and in all probability the Women's Suffrage Bill will not be reached to-morrow.

Mr. Balfour's statement, which occupied nearly an hour and a half in delivery, was generally accepted as very reassuring.

THE KING AS GARDENER.

The King went to Windsor in his motor-car yesterday from Buckingham Palace, to which he returned in the evening. He will probably motor down to Kempton Park to-day.

At Windsor Castle his Majesty inspected the recent alterations in the gardens and grounds, accompanied by Lord Redesdale and Sir Dighton Probyn, who have advised and assisted him in the matter.

The Queen arrived at Malta yesterday on board the Victoria and Albert. All the bastions at Valetta were crowded with sightseers, and every war vessel in port manned ship and dressed with flags. Her Majesty witnessed the scene from the deck with evident enjoyment.

DAY OF DISASTER AND RUIN.

Tornado Wrecks Town—Train Blown Up by Dynamite—
Boulevard Shattered.

EXPLOSION ON BRITISH BATTLESHIP.

A tornado that laid a town in ruins and killed or injured, according to present reports, 400 of its inhabitants.

A railway smash the horrors of which included explosions of dynamite-laden wagons, bringing death to nearly fifty passengers and terrible injuries to one hundred and fifty.

An explosion that wrecked the greater part of a Paris boulevard, brought terror to a whole quarter of Paris, and sent scores of people to hospital.

An explosion on a battleship at Chatham, in which one man was killed and four were injured. That is yesterday's record of disasters, details of which have come to hand from Reuter's agency.

Snyder, a town in the territory of Oklahoma, U.S.A., was the victim of the tornado.

It had 1,300 inhabitants before the cyclone came. In the middle of the night the scourge of the prairie country swooped on the town.

It came without any warning from Texas, in the south-west.

Then it ploughed its way northwards through the streets. Reaching a point where the Oklahoma City and Western Railway enters the town, it turned its course and made for where the houses are closest.

In its track was a long line of wreckage, wrecked homes and bodies of the dead and dying entangled in debris.

The people of Snyder had been about to retire to rest, for the time was just before midnight, but they spent the rest of the night in finding their dead and succouring their injured. A relief train from Hobart brought hundreds eager to assist the terror-stricken survivors in their grim task.

Every habitation to the north of the cyclone track had been rased to the ground.

DASHED INTO DYNAMITE.

Derailed Express in the Midst of Explosions—
People Driven Mad with Fear.

The railway disaster took place in Pennsylvania State. The Eastern express from Chicago had arrived just south of the town of Harrisburg at 1.15 yesterday morning.

It left the track at a curve owing to the pace at which it was going and dashed into a goods train that was standing in a siding.

Forming part of the goods train were two vans containing dynamite.

Almost immediately after the engine of the express made its leap the boilers exploded.

They exploded by the side of the two vans of dynamite. Then there were three other terrible explosions of the dynamite following one another in quick succession. Every window in Harrisburg was smashed.

Good luck to the hapless passengers in the wrecked express that the explosions wrought the greatest havoc. The passenger carriages had been already smashed to matchwood. This wreckage was set alight by the dynamite. There was a mass of flaming debris, from which issued piteous cries for help.

Good train and express were a huddled confusion of death and fire.

The people of Harrisburg came rushing to the scene, but for some time their efforts at rescue were unavailing. It was impossible to get near the burning wreckage, and further explosions were continually taking place.

The cries of those who were still alive in the mangled express were heart-rending.

Some, whose injuries had not disabled them, had managed to escape, and so terrified were they that, having for the time being lost their reason, they rushed, clad in their sleeping clothing, into the neighbouring fields, and were with difficulty found and taken to a place of safety.

When the flames were at last got under, the dead

MAGNETIC POLE REACHED.

Captain Roald Amundsen's Arctic expedition has reached the magnetic pole. Such is the news that arrived yesterday in New York.

The party, which consists of Captain Amundsen, who is a Norwegian, Lieutenant Gottfred Hansen, of the Danish Navy, and a crew of six men, have reached a point in the south of King William's Land, and are stated to be confident of completing the North-West Passage.

Captain Amundsen left Christiania on June 17, 1903, on the forty-six tonner Gjoa, and his intentions were to remain away until 1907.

DEAR TOBACCO.

Attempting to smuggle 20lb. of tobacco through the Custom House Quay in a box with a false bottom was the offence for which a fine of £100 was inflicted at the Mansion House yesterday on Abram Agruski, aged twenty-three, who came to this country from Rotterdam.

were removed to Harrisburg. The injured—most of them suffering from wounds and burns that made it a wonder they were still alive—filled the hospital.

Another theory of the cause of the accident is that some carriages of the goods train had left their own track and got into the way of the express.

Among those reported injured are Mr. Samuel Schubert, a New York theatrical manager, and Mrs. Tindal, daughter of Senator Knox.

The dead were burned in such a manner that it has been impossible as yet to identify them.

STRANGE PARIS MISHAP.

Boulevard Torn Up by a Subterranean Explosion—Many Persons Injured.

Compared with the two American disasters, the Paris catastrophe is of minor account.

The Boulevard Sebastopol was torn up yesterday by a series of explosions, the cause of which has not yet been ascertained.

There is a line of gaping pits from the corner of the Boulevard St. Denis to the Rue Reaumur, a distance of 400 yards.

Great solid blocks of pavement were flung in all directions.

At the bottom of the pits the lead piping is twisted into fantastic shapes.

Fortunately there were comparatively few people in the boulevard at the time, and most of them had miraculous escapes from the flying paving-stones.

Everybody, however, was thrown down, and many were very seriously injured.

Some excavations have been recently made by the Metropolitan Railway of Paris in the boulevard, and it is to an accumulation of gas here that the explosion is in all probability to be attributed.

Those seriously injured number thirteen, according to the official report, and no deaths have taken place.

BATTLESHIP EXPLOSION.

One Man Killed and Four Badly Injured
at Chatham.

The explosion at Chatham took place on board H.M.S. Royal Oak, a first-class battleship belonging to the Chatham and Sheerness Reserve.

While a party of plumbers and labourers were opening up a wing compartment outside the after 3-pounder magazine on the starboard side of the ship, some men carrying naked lights opened the door and entered the compartment.

Immediately a terrific explosion occurred, and the men were hurled in all directions.

Four men, James Wilmot, thirty-six, a plumber; Henry Wright, thirty-six, plumber; H. Rose, thirty-nine, labourer; and J. Guiver, thirty-nine, labourer, were badly injured. The others went to their assistance and carried the sufferers to the dockyard surgery.

There their hurts were attended to by Fleet-Surgeon Greysmith and Surgeon O'Malley. They were then removed to the Royal Naval Hospital. Wright, however, was so fearfully mutilated about the abdomen that shortly after his admittance to the hospital he succumbed to his injuries.

Wilmot and Rose, though badly burned about the face and body are expected to recover. Guiver was allowed to go home.

Wright was a married man living at Church-street, Rochester.

It is believed that the explosion took place owing to the accumulation of foul air in the compartment. The damage to the ship is very slight.

ELEVEN DROWNED AT A FERRY.

BERLIN, Thursday.—A telegram from Szatmar-Nemeti, Hungary, says that ten peasant girls and a married woman were drowned while crossing a lake in a small boat.

When they reached the centre of the lake the boat filled and capsized. Two men and one woman who were in the boat were saved.—Central News.

BRITISH DOCTORS FETED IN PARIS.

The British medical visitors to Paris were feted at the Sorbonne.

Sir William Broadbent, in returning thanks, said the welcome which had been extended to them made for the strengthening of the bonds of friendship between the two countries.

Medals commemorative of the occasion were presented to Sir William and Professor Allbutt, of Cambridge.

RUSSIAN WARSHIPS OFF JAPAN.

Two Vessels of Vladivostok Squadron in Japanese Waters.

FRANCE'S ATTITUDE.

The liveliest war news to-day relates to a report from Tokio to the effect that two vessels of the Vladivostok squadron were off Aomori on Tuesday. Aomori is situated on the north coast of Nippon Island.

Other news is mainly of a negative character. It is not believed in St. Petersburg that two cruisers belonging to Rojstevsky's fleet have avoided the Japanese scouts, and found their way to Vladivostok.

Nor is it credited that the two Baltic squadrons, under Rojstevsky and Nebogatoff, have joined. The Russian Admiralty, says the "Echo de Paris," has received no news of the reported junction.

Paris, St. Petersburg, and Tokio are still discussing the neutrality question, and a communication has, says Reuter, been issued by the Japanese Foreign Office to the effect that since the Kamanran incident repeated instructions have been sent by the French Government to the officials with a view to prevent any violation of French neutrality.

CHEERED FOR TEN MINUTES.

Mr. Roosevelt Delights Chicago with Speech
Defying Mob Spirit.

CHICAGO, Thursday.—After Mr. Roosevelt had received a deputation representing the striking teamsters, whom he firmly told that they must maintain order and obey the law, he was the guest of the evening yesterday at the Iniquis Club, composed of his political opponents.

The President said that if either capital or labour did wrong in the industrial struggle, efficiency resulting from a combination meant an increase of the power to do harm.

He then turned to the Mayor of Chicago, saying: "Mayor Dunne, as President of the United States, and therefore representative of the people of this country, I give you, as a matter of course, my hearty support in upholding the law, keeping order, and putting down violence, whether on the part of the mob or of individuals. There need not be the slightest apprehension in the hearts of the most timid that the mob spirit will ever triumph in this country."

A remarkable demonstration followed, Mayor Dunne, profoundly moved, grasped the President's hand, while the whole company of 700 mounted chairs, and even tables, cheering and waving napkins for ten minutes.

The President left at ten minutes past twelve this morning for Washington.

An ex-temperer has been shot and killed by a sheriff's deputy, former member of the same union. Apart from this there have been few disturbances during Mr. Roosevelt's visit.—Reuter.

MRS. LAYCOCK DOING WELL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday Night.—I learn by inquiry from Captain Laycock that Mrs. Laycock, the victim of the motor-car accident on Sunday, is making remarkably rapid progress towards recovery.

The accident was caused by Sunday's rain, which made the road from Versailles to Chartres most dangerously slippery.

Captain Laycock himself was driving the motor-car, and on making a rather sharp turning both front wheels skidded.

Both Captain and Mrs. Laycock were thrown out of the car, and the lady was found to have sustained a fracture of the leg above the ankle, necessitating its amputation.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Miss Clara Clemens, a daughter of "Mark Twain," has been operated upon for appendicitis, and is progressing favourably. She is a professional singer.

Owing to a fire on board the Nelson line Highland Brigade, which left Liverpool last Saturday for the River Plate, she is returning to port.

By 96 votes to 19 the Swedish Storting yesterday granted an income of £3,000 to Prince Gustavus Adolphus, who is engaged to be married to Princess Margaret of Connaught.

Edinburgh was yesterday disappointed to learn that the King will be unable to perform the opening ceremony next September in connection with the city's new water supply.

Whilst driving a motor-car through a group of school children at Woking, near Southampton yesterday, Mr. G. Spencer, of the latter town, who was accompanied by two ladies, collided with a little girl who ran across the road.

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR SEALED.

Great Boom Makes It Safe from
Torpedo Attack.

ACCIDENTAL TEST.

Launch Strikes Deadly Spikes and is
Wrecked.

Portsmouth Harbour was duly closed yesterday. The great spike-studded boom was stretched across the mouth of the entrance, and, according to all theories, the great naval port was proof against the invasion of the enemy.

As though to afford an intentional demonstration of the efficiency of the boom, a boat was accidentally swept upon the teeth of this formidable protection. A more effective testimony could not have been arranged.

Dashed on to the bristling fence, the boat fell upon the spikes, which ripped such holes in her that she had to be ran speedily ashore lest she perished in the waves.

Warning for the Enemy.

It is supposed that just such a fate would await any enemy's vessel that attempted such a pashime as "boom-jumping" tactics.

Before five o'clock yesterday morning a party of 250 sailors, under Captain Pelly, started throwing the formidable barrier across the harbour's mouth.

Almost from that hour onward a crowd of interested spectators watched the proceedings. On either shore lay a pile of spiked logs. These were pushed into the water and towed into a series of racks that eventually reached across the harbour.

For this purpose two tugs and several steamboats were used. The logs were all painted black, and were so placed that the spikes in them pointed seaward. Barefooted sailors jumped nimbly from one log to another, passing stout hawsers through the iron stanchions that stood up at the top.

The function of these hawsers was to bind the boom together and enable it to withstand the stress of the tide, which here flows with great strength. In order to give additional stability to the structure, a couple of cables were placed in it and anchored securely to the bottom.

Immediately the signal to begin work was given, a number of patrol boats steamed out and stopped all shipping from either entering or leaving the harbour. Several vessels were brought up before breakfast, and by afternoon quite a fleet of steamers, sailing barges, and other craft had gathered, waiting for navigation to re-open.

A Firm Defence.

It was half-past twelve before the boom was right across the harbour, and the two powerful engines, stationed ashore to tighten the hawsers, were set to work. When these hawsers were pulled up the defence was firm and sound, and no vessel could have broken through it and lived.

It was at this period that one of the naval launches drifted upon the spikes and was practically wrecked. After the structure had been examined by the officers it was broken up, a powerful tug drew the launch away from the harbour, and the side sections were disconnected, a log at a time, and restored to shore.

Some hours before the time officially mentioned for the resumption of navigation the channels were quite clear again.

Contrary to expectation, no experiments with submarines were tried. An attraction for the sight-seeking multitude, the day's proceedings did not rank high, for there was little excitement in them.

Some interested spectators who had been watching the operations of the "handy men" were surrounded by the incoming tide, and were eventually rescued by small boats from the shore.

CONCERT OF ALL THE TALENTS.

Hopes run high for the Union Jack Club concert at the Albert Hall this evening. The King will attend.

A feature of the great concert will be a souvenir programme, for which many well-known artists have made sketches, and several popular writers have sent short contributions.

It will also contain an entirely new portrait of the Prince of Wales.

There will be a massed military band of 400 performers, and Madame Melba will sing.

TRAMCARS AND PEDESTRIANS.

In the discussion by the Select Committee of the House of Commons yesterday of an application by the Tyneside Tramroad Company for power to line trespassers on the railway, the 40s., the chairman, Mr. J. W. Lowndes, said the next would be to convert the tramroad into a railway. They would next have motor-car owners asking that pedestrians should be treated as trespassers. The application was refused.

KING LEOPOLD TO MARRY.

Aged Belgian Monarch Engaged to an
Orleans Princess.

European Court and diplomatic circles have been startled by a widely circulated report that Leopold King of the Belgians is arranging to take a second wife.

It is stated that he has proposed for the hand of Princess Louise d'Orleans, the youngest daughter of the Comtesse de Paris, and that the affair was discussed during a private visit he recently paid to the Comtesse de Paris at Villa Manrique, near Seville.

The report is accepted in many circles as well founded.

King Leopold is now seventy years of age. He succeeded his father in 1835, and was first married, to Marie Henriette, Archduchess of Austria, in 1835. His only son died, and his present heir is Philippe Eugene, Count of Flanders.

It cannot be said that King Leopold is popular among his own people. They complain of his extravagance, and since his wife's death in 1902 there have been many unhappy family disagreements. His daughter, Stéphanie, married Count Louvay, and her father has never forgiven her.

The creditors of his two daughters failed in an attempt to obtain the money to which the Queen had been entitled under her marriage settlement.

GIRLS AND THE THEATRE.

Mr. Pinero and "G. B. S." Disagree with
Miss Tempest's Criticism.

We publish to-day more professional views of the statement attributed to Miss Marie Tempest in the "New York World," that the theatre is "the last place on earth for young girls."

Mr. Arthur Pinero telegraphs:

"Young people require looking after in the theatre as in other walks of life. Those who are well trained, well governed, and well disposed run no greater risk there than elsewhere."

Most theatres are fit for nobody else. Surely it is not contended that they are fit for grown-up people," is the entertaining verdict of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Yesterday we gave the following as the opinion of Sir Henry Irving:—

And Germany agrees with Miss Marie Tempest. And if you uphold the theatre honestly, frankly, and with wise discrimination, the stage will uphold in the future, as it has in the past, the literature, the manners, the morals, the fame, and the genius of our country.

Sir Henry writes to make an important correction as follows:—

"And Germany does not agree with Miss Marie Tempest."

Mr. Lewis Waller gives an interesting opinion:— "Personally I consider that the first lesson a child should receive is to go to theatres and to insist on being accompanied by its parents and guardians."

WIDOW'S ORDEAL.

Describes Agony of Her Husband, Maddened
by a £1,000 Fine.

Tall, and dressed in black, Mrs. Kate Huntington, widow of the Liverpool cotton broker who shot himself on his sister-in-law's grave, having been fined £1,000, which he could not pay, by the Liverpool Cotton Association, made a pathetic figure at the corner's inquiry yesterday.

Between her sobs she said her late husband had been fearfully troubled, and for weeks had not eaten enough to keep him alive. He looked haggard and ill, and his mental condition caused him to say and do many strange things.

Among the correspondence found on the body was a letter which the poor fellow had written to his wife in the cemetery. He wrote that the "vile and unscrupulous conduct" of a Liverpool man, whose name was not mentioned, had driven him to death and robbed his children of his hard-earned money.

Mr. Huntington said this man had a mortgage on her husband's share in the Liverpool Cotton Association, and foreclosed.

He had promised her faithfully that he would not sell the share until September, when the new cotton crop came in. Then it would be worth £700. But it was sold recently for £370. Her husband was compelled to sign an authority of transfer.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

UNWRINKLED ENGLISHWOMEN.

In an American journal Miss Gertrude Atherton complains that society Englishwomen are monotonously alike; they have no wrinkles, like a wax doll, having never allowed their feelings to be expressed by their faces. Also they are dull, because they have no further to go in the social scale.

STRIKERS' ARMY IN LONDON TO-DAY.

Picturesque Incidents of the March
to Watford.

"TROOPS" BIOGRAPHED.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON THE MARCH.)

WATFORD, Thursday Night.—Fame preceded the little army of shoemakers into Watford, and the good people of this straggling town, heeding neither dust nor sun, gathered on the outskirts to greet "General" Gribble and his men.

Two hours before they were due the busy main street was thronged, and when, well up to time, "Gribble's army" marched in at five o'clock, they had hard work to keep their formation intact.

This fourth day's march, with nearly sixty miles covered, finds the men as fit as when they were cheered out of their native Raunds on Monday morning. If feet are a little sore, the worst is past, and now this invasion of London has become a pleasant holiday.

From the first mile the march has been a triumphant procession, due in no small degree to the ready and able organisation of Mr. Gribble. As the shoemakers have neared London the towns have grown more and more cordial. The collectors yesterday found over £20 in their boxes.

Only Eight Miles To Go.

Marching orders were light this morning. "It's an easy day, comrades," said the general, "four miles before dinner and four afterwards." St. Albans turned out to speed the shoemakers on their way as they marched, with band playing, gaily down steep George-street and out into the country.

There was a little less sun to-day, and although the roads are still very dusty, walking was somewhat easier. Cyclists scurried ahead to make way, and the collectors, with their white boxes, ran hither and thither, from cottage to way-side inn, scrambling over hedges now and again to greet Hodge at his work among the turnips.

Presently the army met a detachment of Herts Yeomanry, and the Yeomen brought out their pennies manfully. A couple were in a little while "Ere's a pint for you and me, Bill," said a jovial, red-faced corporal, "and a canner for the shoemakers. That's a bob, and well spent, too." And he dipped his face deep into the homely pewter.

A mile from Garston, where the midday meal was eaten, the army suffered a severe shock. A dainty young lady on a bicycle being appealed to by the collectors jumped off and cried: "I gave a shilling to a lot of men down the road."

Lunatic Masqueraders.

There was consternation in the ranks, and a cyclist went speeding on to find the malefactors. They were, indeed, up in the road, about forty men, of all ages, with child-like, smiling, and uncertain gestures. There were three uniformed officers with them. "Who are these men?" demanded the cyclist, sternly. "Lunatics, sir," replied the officials. They were harmless inmates of the County Asylum at Leazeside.

By an old century inn, a relic of the coaching days, "General" Gribble halted his men. The landlord invited them into his orchard, and the *Daily Mirror* bought beer for them.

During a rest of two hours an old, old man came and sang to the men, and then the bugle rang out again. Meanwhile the army had been cinematographed and invited to the Lyceum and the Alhambra. The two invitations were accepted.

Invitations for tea at Watford had come from the Wesleyans and the Labour Church, and the "general" accepted the latter. Pearson, with his crutch, led the way into the town.

The last stage of the journey to Pall Mall will be commenced at six in the morning. The army marches through Epsom and Epsom Downs, stops at the Crown, Crickwood, and after lunch at the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, will proceed about one o'clock to Pall Mall.

LEICESTER MEN WANT TO MARCH TOO.

The leaders of the unemployed in Leicester were yesterday busy receiving the names of those willing to march to London. It is suggested that about a thousand shall, on arrival, "waik round the Houses of Parliament" and hold a demonstration in Trafalgar-square. Each man will carry a blanket and a water-bottle, but no food.

Mr. Amos Sheriff, organiser of the movement, said in an interview that probably the unemployed of other towns would join them en route.

"NURSERY OF ENGLISH GENTLEMEN."

In yesterday's "Eton College Chronicle" the hope is expressed that old Etonians will combine to give Dr. Warre a present worthy of the greatest of his kind. The writer also says: "We hope the best qualities of the school will be preserved, and that her reputation as the nursery of English gentlemen and leaders of every profession in the world will be fostered."

SPOTTED FEVER DEATH.

London Boy Dies of the Mysterious
Modern Plague.

That Ernest Dell, a fourteen-year-old lad who lived at Battersea, has died from the new and dread disease of spotted fever was clearly proved at the inquest held by Mr. John Troutbeck yesterday.

For some time Dell had been treated for catarrh of the stomach. He had a fit on Monday and died on Tuesday.

When attended by Dr. MacManus he was unconscious, his head was thrown backwards, the pupils of his eyes were dilated, and there were spots on his body.

Dr. Freyberger said that death was due to cerebro-meningitis, and the coroner stated that, in view of its importance to the health of London, the medical officer of health had been notified.

COSMOPOLITAN MR. CARNEGIE

Affirms That All Petty National Distinctions
Have Become Trivial to Him.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie agrees with Mr. Choate that was amongst English-speaking nations is an "unspeakable impossibility."

He said so yesterday at the annual conference of the Iron and Steel Institute, while returning thanks for a motion congratulating him on his two years of office as president, from which position he now retires. He was the first American to hold it.

As he grew older, he affirmed, all the petty distinctions of nationalities passed into nothingness. He had travelled everywhere where the English-speaking race was to be found, and had discovered that, although they were called by different names, they were the same thing.

His appointment as president of the institute had been a matter not of revolution but of evolution. In future he hoped they would appoint Germans, Swedes, and men of other nations, that the institute might be cosmopolitan.

IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

Warders Entertain "Colonel" Lynch with
Pleasant Talk About Executions.

"Colonel" Lynch, in yesterday's "Journal," describes his experiences on returning to prison after his condemnation to death for high treason.

"I had to put on the frightful regulation costume of convicts. The warders plainly showed me their sympathy as they led me into the condemned cell."

"The man who is sentenced to death must be always accompanied by two warders until his execution. But it is some compensation that he is allowed to talk to them."

"These warders became gloomy, and while I was reading I heard them talking together in an undertone of various executions by hanging, and learned that this death is far from being so swift and painless as it is supposed to be."

"Do you remember that winter chap, and how long he resisted?" said one. "The rope wasn't long enough, it's my opinion. Did you see how he struggled until he hit his hands?"

"And the baker," returned the other; "the one who killed and roasted his master and afterwards tried to pass himself off as a mad?"

"Ah, but he wasn't plucky, and we had to take him to the scaffold on a chair."

NELSON LOVE-LETTER SOLD.

Mortified Because He Cannot Get at the
Enemy.

For a bid of 71, Mr. Lorimer secured at Sotheby's, yesterday, a remarkable letter written from the Victory by Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton.

"Your poor dear Nelson, my dearest beloved Emma," it runs, "is very unwell. After a two year's hard lag, it has been mortifying the not being able to get at the enemy."

"As yet I can get no information about them. At Lisbon this day week they knew nothing about them, but it now generally believe that they are gone to the West Indies. . . . John Bull may be angry but he never had any officer who has served him more faithfully."

"You, my own Emma, are my first and last thoughts, and to the last moment of my breath they will be occupied in leaving you independent of the world."

OLD-TIME WATCH-STANDS.

There is being exhibited at the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company in Regent-street a collection of carved wood watch-stands of the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI.

The watch-stands are part of the collection of Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, who is the first collector of this particular kind of relic.

SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

Drama in Dresses Which Express Emotion.

LIVING FASHION PLATES.

The very general belief that the ladies depicted in fashion-plates can have no existence in real life received a rude shock yesterday afternoon.

Punctually at 3.30 there were to be seen at the establishment of Lucile, the well-known costumière, in Hanover-square, real animated fashion-plates.

These young ladies had the impossibly small waist, the generous curves, the regular features, and the amiable smiles that are usually associated with the advertising pages of a lady's newspaper.

Their accomplishment is a rare one in England, that of wearing beautiful dresses beautifully.

In Paris, where such artists are called "mannequins," the profession is more widely followed, but these English "mannequins" owe their training to Mme. Lucile, who also designed the beautiful dresses they were employed to set off.

It was, in effect, a dress cycle, entitled the seven ages of woman.

Desire of the Eyes.

These seven ages were (1) The Schoolgirl; (2) The Debutante; (3) The Flâneuse; (4) The Bride; (5) The Wife; (6) The Hostess; (7) The Dowager. Perhaps the supreme effect of the afternoon was made in section 6 (tableau (c)), entitled, "The Desire of the Eyes."

The curtain of the miniature theatre rose on ten beautiful young ladies in evening dress. To the strains of "La Donna e Mobile," played by an unseen orchestra, they undulated languorously along the aisle down the centre of the hall.

Most admired were costumes No. 2, "The Liquid Whisper of Early Spring" (apple green), No. 9, "Salut d'Amour" (turquoise), No. 9, "Afterwards" (biscuit brown), and No. 10, "Contentment" (electric blue).

One beautiful tableau, entitled "Love Triumphant," showed the bride and her attendants decking her for the altar, while another styled "Ask Nothing More" displayed a beautiful young wife wearing a robe of glittering black and a tiara about to enter on a new phase of her social career.

Each scene was received with a silence, punctuated by gasps, more eloquent of the effect produced than the loudest applause could have been.

DIVORCE COLLAPSE.

Petition in "Baby Talk" Case Withdrawn After a Dramatic Episode.

Three questions put to a servant girl brought the remarkable divorce suit of Mrs. Florence Maude Watson against her husband, a Cumberland squire, and exhibitor in the Royal Academy, to a sudden end yesterday.

This girl, after some hesitation, offered a strange allegation against Dr. Watson.

Then, in cross-examination, Mr. Hume Williams asked the three questions which, in effect, were had the girl lived an honest, truthful, and chaste life.

The girl had to admit that this was not so, and then it became apparent that her testimony was worthless.

Mr. Priestley, K.C., Mrs. Watson's counsel, said: "This has come upon my client as a great surprise, and she wishes to express regret that she and so many of us have been taken in. Mrs. Watson has instructed me to withdraw the petition."

All imputations were withdrawn, and in dismissing the petition Mr. Justice Deane said that the course taken had been very proper.

COURT "ACADEMY" DAY.

Jurors Called Upon to Decide on Artistic Merits of Picture Postcards.

Picture postcards yesterday enjoyed the luxury of going to law. They invaded Mr. Justice Wills's court, and lay about in tens of thousands.

The point at issue was a very simple one, yet at the same time very delicate.

The firm that issued them, Messrs. Petty and Co., contended that, for "three-colour" cards, they were very excellent and artistic.

The Photographic Tourist Association, the firm that refused to pay for them—hence the present action—took an exactly opposite view.

So the jury spent the whole day critically examining views of Hastings, etc.

The case was adjourned.

Edward Harman, aged sixty-five, a Bromley carman, who committed suicide in the Lea, had, stated his widow at the inquest yesterday, previously gone to the river bank in a fit of depression with the object of drowning himself, but had been deterred because there were spectators.

STORY OF THE TRUNK TRAGEDY.

Devereux Says His Wife and Twins Died of Chloroform, but He Did Not Administer It.

SAYS HE HAS A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

Dramatic and thrilling to an unusual degree was the story of the Harlesden trunk tragedy furnished yesterday to the Kilburn coroner by Sergeant George Cole, who arrested at Coventry William Arthur Devereux, the chemist charged with killing his wife and twins.

The prisoner then made a statement, partly in the train and partly at the Harlesden police station. It was this complete account of the tragedy that the detective gave yesterday, having taken it from the prisoner's own lips. Clearly Devereux's defence is that he did not commit murder.

When invited to make a statement in the train Devereux replied that there was plenty of time, and he wanted to make sure of the dates. He afterwards said:—

"My conscience is perfectly clear as to their deaths, and I was wrong in concealing the bodies."

He asked: "Did you find any smell when you opened the lid?" Being told "No," he said: "You never would. The glue was treated with boracic acid, which prevented fungus from growing, which would have allowed a smell to come through." He also asked who would make the post-mortem. Accused was told Dr. Robertson, possibly assisted by Professor Pepper.

Hint at Poison.

He said: "He will have no difficulty in finding the cause of death. There is no doubt about that, but that does not say that I administered it."

About half-way to London Devereux said he was prepared to make his statement.

Coles took down the statement with a fountain pen. The ink ran out, and Coles was going to take it in pencil when Devereux said: "I would rather have it in ink. I will wait till we get to London."

The statement (continued Sergeant Coles) is to the following effect: "One evening, after being out with the boy, I returned and found them all dead in bed. The boy had gone over to the shop to buy a cake, and did not see anything. I covered them over as if they were asleep, and after putting the boy to bed started putting them in the box."

At this point Mrs. Gregory, the deceased wife's mother, tearful and fainting, was led out of court. "I tried first to put a sheet of zinc over, but after trying for three or four days found I could not do it, and nearly gave up hope."

"Then I thought of wood and glue. That took me nearly three days to do. I was only afraid of the bottom of the box. I was afraid to face an inquest."

Short of Money.

Later on, Devereux said:— "I thought through being short of money I did not send for the box sooner. I don't say I would not have found it, but it would have given you more trouble. If you could not have found the bodies nothing could have been proved."

Prisoner sat unconcerned while his own statement was being unfolded.

Continuing, Sergeant Coles said: At Harlesden prisoner wrote this statement:—

"I, Arthur Devereux, declare that one evening at end of January or beginning of February last, after being out for a few hours with my child, Stanley, returned to find my wife and twins lying dead on their beds, evidently, to my mind, having died from poison, taken or administered."

"Rather than face an inquest, with a recent trial fresh in my mind, I decided to conceal the bodies in a trunk which I had had in my possession for about two years. This I proceeded to do at once."

"I missed some poisons, chloroform and morphia, which I always kept in my writing-desk after leaving my last situation in the event of my wishing to end my own life rather than face starvation."

"The room smell strongly of chloroform, so I concluded that my wife had administered to herself and children."

RUINED BY GOOD FORTUNE.

Another Unfortunate Victim of the Curse of Small Legacies.

"Many persons are ruined in the course of the year through getting legacies," stated the medical officer at the inquest, yesterday, on Herbert C. Lynes, who died in Hackney Workhouse, where he went after squandering a legacy.

Lynes, who was formerly in a good position as a draper's salesman, had £800 left him by his father.

On the strength of this he gave himself a long holiday for fishing and shooting.

Pursued by a constable with a drawn truncheon, William Bassett, a burly Newcastle man, who was drunk, sought sanctuary in a mission hall.

self and children. I had had a violent quarrel with her previously to my going out, also several times recently and during past twelve months.

"I make this statement voluntarily, without threats made or promises held out to me." This concluded Devereux's astonishing statement, and a variety of other remarkable evidence was given. Sergeant Coles added that prisoner bore an excellent character at Coventry, but had obtained his post there by means of a forged character written by himself.

William Garfath said he let the flat in Milton-avenue to Devereux at the time of Egerton, and a neighbour remarked that the Devereuxs were very reserved, and had no friends.

Hearing this the prisoner smiled quietly at his solicitor.

The milkman told a strange story of an old lady, Mrs. Gregory, who had sometimes taken in the family.

When Mrs. Gregory, who was called next, gave her evidence, the prisoner listened attentively, and from time to time took notes, but it was rather as a spectator than as one whose very life hangs in the balance.

Charges of Indolence.

She said that Devereux and his wife had lived together on fairly good terms, and when Devereux had money he had always given a good proportion to his wife.

But after Devereux came out of prison, having served eight months, and joined his family at Tottenham, they were all nearly at the point of starvation.

They had parish relief, but the relieving officer was told that Devereux ate the children's food. He refused to work, and would only lie in bed or go to the library. He was annoyed when the twins were born.

Coroner: People often are. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Gregory never heard her daughter speak of being tired of life. She was a homeopath, and never took drugs.

Mrs. Gregory denied that there were any symptoms of insanity in her family, and she did not believe that the son who had disappeared at Plymouth had committed suicide.

She admitted that once, at Stroud, the prisoner had threatened to shoot her, but she determined to stay on to take care of the children. She had parted on terms of good friendship with her daughter.

Obscured Career.

At Sherland-road Devereux struck his wife because he did not wish Mrs. Gregory to remain in his house, and had ordered her out with threats. When the daughter took the mother's part there was a slight scuffle.

Detective Pollard, after giving evidence of the undoing of the trunk, went on to tell how the prisoner had repeatedly perpetrated frauds. He was in the habit of answering advertisements for cooks and so obtained money.

The coroner read a forged character of the prisoner written by Devereux himself, and said that he evidently had a good opinion of himself.

Various dealers who had bought Devereux's garments, and even the garments of the victims, testified to the coolness and quiet demeanour of the prisoner in the transactions.

Dr. Robertson, who, with Professor Pepper, had unpacked the trunk and examined the bodies, next gave evidence. The summary of it was that the victims could not have died from natural causes, but gave every appearance of having died either from suffocation or chloroform or morphia.

The prisoner listened with great attention to the technical details given by Dr. Robertson.

Dr. Robertson, in answer to the coroner, replied that it was quite possible that the victims could have been killed by morphia administered in stout, and that it was possible to drink a sufficient quantity without noticing that there was any poison in the stout.

The hearing was adjourned.

POLICE LAXITY.

Calm Nonchalance While Mob Hustles an Alien.

For a distance of one and a half miles in busy Poplar streets, Barnet Goldstein, wheeling a barrow laden with gas mantles and fittings, was molested by about one hundred youths, and not a policeman came to his aid until the barrow had been overturned and some of the goods stolen.

Severe comment on police laxity was passed by Mr. Dickinson at the Thames Police Court yesterday, when six of the youths were charged, and adjourned the case for further inquiries.

"Even if people were foreigners," said Mr. Dickinson, "they must be protected as well as Englishmen."

"FIRST-CLASS" COMFORT.

Passenger's Unpleasant Experiences in the Public Interest.

Simply in the public interest, Mr. L. Gwynne Jones, solicitor, of 10, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, sued the District Railway Company in the City of London Court yesterday for £51 damages for assault and wrongful detention.

Mr. Jones's experience was this. He booked first class from the Temple to Ealing. All the first-class carriages being full, he entered a second-class. At Charing-cross, despite his protest that the compartment was full, an official put him and two ladies in, and, surrendering his seat to one of them, Mr. Jones stood for the rest of the journey.

On alighting he gave his card to the collector, explaining that he was going to keep his ticket in order to take proceedings in the public interest.

The man tried to shut the gate, but he slipped through. He, however, was seized by another collector and detained, after a struggle.

The company had paid the damages into court, but as gross overcrowding had become a public scandal, he asked the Court to grant costs on the higher scale.

He intended paying the damages to the vicar of his parish, to be devoted to the poor, so he was making no capital out of the matter.

Judge Rentoul, K.C., said he did not know if there was a law against overcrowding in railways, but one thing was certain, that the company had no right to lay hands on a passenger for any reason unless he was committing a crime.

He did not think, however, he ought to grant costs on the higher scale.

LANDLORD'S POUND OF FLESH.

Rent Must Be Paid Even Though the House Falls Down.

Must a man pay rent for a house that has become uninhabitable while he is looking for another one?

John Berwick, a compositor, who rented from Messrs. F. A. and A. H. Wood, solicitors, of Eastcheap, a house in Tortsan-road, Brixton, decided to go elsewhere after the ceiling of a room fell and broke a fender but could not get another house for three weeks; so the landlords claimed a month's rent.

At Lambeth County Court yesterday Mr. Berwick was sued for the amount, and Judge Emden said the law was that he must pay if a house fell down. Defendant must pay, but at the rate of 1s. a month.

The landlords admitted that Mr. Berwick gave notice that the ceiling was dangerous before it fell; an error of judgment had been committed.

Judge Emden: I am afraid there are a good many errors of judgment of the kind.

PICTURES OF WILD LIFE.

New Weekly Paper That Appeals to Englishmen's Love of Nature.

Of the making of new weekly papers there is no end, but Mr. E. Kay Robinson's long-expected weekly paper, "The Country-Side," will be none the less welcome.

Novel, instructive, and entertaining, "The Country-Side" will appeal to the innate love of nature in every Englishman.

Its features will include the regular publication of groups of unique photographs illustrating the week's wild life.

In this way such a panorama of Nature's doings from week to week will be offered to the public as has never before been presented on paper, and a new world of wonder will be revealed for the first time to the general reader.

RECKLESS REFERENCES.

Judge's Condemnation of "Characters" Lightly Given by Good-Natured People.

"The giving of references in a reckless manner," said Judge Emden in the Lambeth County Court yesterday, "is a great grievance nowadays, but this is a particularly flagrant case."

The remark had reference to a case in which it transpired that Henry Sprake, the musical director of the Crown Theatre, Peckham, gave a reference to a musician whom he had engaged but who had never played in that particular orchestra.

"I did it out of kindness," pleaded Sprake.

His Honour: You evidently did not remember the unfortunate people who might be deceived by reference. There is a vast difference between exaggeration and giving a reference to a man who has never performed the duties. The evil is a vast one.

TOO LAZY TO WALK.

"He is too lazy even to take exercise in the prison-yard," stated Inspector Benning, of George Fitzham, an old offender, who was sentenced to a month's hard labour at Maidenhead yesterday for drinking milk out of cans left at doors by local dairymen.

AUSTRALIANS AT THE OVAL.

Good Batting by Jones, Hirst, Hobbs, and Spooner.

MORE BAD RUNNING.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

Dead plumb as the Oval wicket is, the Australian bowling yesterday came as somewhat of a disappointment to their supporters, as the Surrey batting side cannot, from a first-class point of view, be considered above the medium.

It must be borne in mind, however, that Cotter, about whom there were many hard sayings yesterday, had a good bowl at Nottingham, and was likely to be on the stiff side.

He was certainly as erratic as Bradshaw, but he proved that he possesses great pace, and that alone, in the vernacular, is better than a sick headache.

Hopkins, too, was not the teaser that he can be, but I think that he is not properly started yet.

Jumping to conclusions, especially about the Australians, often makes a mouthful of muddy water, and the critics who are already out with the opinion that the Cornstalks cannot, comparatively, "bowl for coffee," may change their opinions entirely before the second Test match begins.

HOBBS LUCKY BUT BRILLIANT.

Hobbs has, for a young player, most satisfactorily "beaten the pistol," and got off with a magnificent start this season. Although his innings was not perfect, it was what is almost preferable for a side, a fine start for his team and an annoyance to his opponents.

The Australians could not help feeling that they ought to have "buried" him early in his innings, and that feeling is always somewhat demoralising to a side.

Hobbs was run out owing to a fine piece of fielding by Hill, just when he seemed certain to reach his second century in first-class cricket.

These run-outs again! Byrnes, of Warwick, suffered from faulty running yesterday, and so did J. H. Stogdon. How many runs thrown away do these three futile efforts represent?

Warner was disposed of for a "moon" by Dennett, to the delight of Gloucester. Double-century innings are better to watch from the pavilion than to chase after in the field.

EBDEN A VALUABLE RECRUIT.

C. H. M. Edden made an auspicious opening for his "new county," by getting the top score of the side. He is a sound player, with some beautiful "leg shots," who is certain to be heard a good deal in the future if land agency does not keep him out of the field.

M. W. Payne, the brilliant Cambridge wicket-keeper, notched a useful 31, though the goddess of fortune was rather good to him.

Gloucester showed that there was nothing much wrong with the wicket. Though there were no big scores, most of them got a few, and are well on top on the result of the day's play.

Hirst made a magnificent century against "Yestershire" yesterday, punching the pellet with tons of stuff behind it. But for his great performance Yorkshire might have experienced the old Latin proverb.

Lancashire "skittled" Warwickshire for a mere 117, the much-discussed Breatley weighing in with three wickets. Lancashire, in spite of the failure of MacLaren, smartly got on top of the bowling; Spooner was on hand with 67, and Tyldesley notched 39, and the champions ended the day's play "streets ahead."

BUTT'S SPLENDID WICKET-KEEPING.

A. O. Jones was out for blood again at Brighton yesterday. He won the "flick of the piece" from Fry, who, by the way, is always a sure player in that department of the game, and going in first got a fine 69. J. Gunn got 50, and then Hemmings showed how it is done in the best set by playing a noble 84. Butt kept wicket splendidly, stumping two and catching three.

If Fry cannot mix and run against the Australians—an idea to be discouraged—he can get them against most other people. Ask Yorkshire! He made a useful start at Brighton yesterday, and with a stroke of luck, means getting another three-figure innings to-day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C., Clapham.—A guinea-pig side is a side without a pig, or a strong batting side throughout. Guinea-pigs lack the caudal appendage.

CONSTANT READER.—A moon is a colloquialism for 6. Other terms are duck, egg, bloozy, cypher.

PUZZLED.—The box is practically third man brought in close, in line with the slips. Men are only put in this position for a fast bowler.

INTERESTED, Leeds.—Pouched—colloquialism for caught. Also snatched, snapped, boxed.

Q., Birmingham.—The umbrella-stand means the wicket; also timber-yard, ball-bearing.

(Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.)

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

By the acceptance yesterday of Lord Annesley's offer to supply the town of Castlewellan, Co. Down, with water free of cost, the ratepayers have been saved £4,000.

Out of 24s. per week wages a debtor at Southwark County Court yesterday said he had a wife and sixteen children to keep. Eleven of the latter went to school.

Mrs. Ellis, wife of a Sharnford, (Leicestershire) collier, has given birth to triplets. Last night all were doing well.

Princess Christian yesterday opened a home for mothers and babies and a training school for district midwives at Wood-street, Woolwich.

Dr. Max Nordau has been very seriously ill, but is now on the road to recovery, and was last night reported to have gone to Carlsbad under medical advice.

New boots, it was said at last evening's inquest, caused Mrs. Stenson, aged sixty, of Harthorn, Leicestershire, to slip and fall downstairs with fatal results.

Princess Henry of Battenberg yesterday unveiled the memorial statue of the late Queen Victoria at Sheffield. Her Royal Highness was entertained to luncheon in the town hall.

Mr. Arnold-Forster last night declined to receive a deputation from Chatham protesting against the proposed removal of the Royal Engineers. He says, however, he is willing to consider a memorial.

Whilst leaning out of a window in New-square, Lincoln's Inn, last night, a young man named Marsham overbalanced and fell into the area two storeys below. He was taken to King's College Hospital suffering from a broken arm and other injuries.

For a series of twenty-four letters from Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragedienne, to an intimate friend £100 was given at Sotheby's yesterday.

Ninety guineas premium had been paid on the overdue Aberdeen steamer Gastwick, which arrived safely at Sydney yesterday.

Royal Engineers employed in various branches of scientific military work at Chatham were yesterday inspected by the Duke of Connaught.

Mr. H. Sladen, a well-known Reigate resident, who was pitched on to his head in a cycle accident at Earlswood, died yesterday, without recovering consciousness.

From injuries received in a motor-cycle accident, Mr. George Hodgson Bedson, son of Dr. Bedson, professor of chemistry at Armstrong College, Newcastle, died yesterday.

To-day is the forty-sixth anniversary of the creation of the Volunteer force, the circular authorising its formation having been issued by General Peel, then Secretary for War, on May 12, 1869.

Captain J. B. Stanford, of White Hatch House, Tisbury, a magistrate for Wilts and Dorset, pleaded guilty yesterday at Andover to driving a motor-car at the rate of over thirty-seven miles an hour, and was fined £10 and costs.

Yesterday the Rev. John Aldis, of Beckington, Bath, who claims to be the oldest living Baptist minister, celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday. He still enjoys reading his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament in large type.

London's daily supply of water during March was yesterday stated to have averaged 204,651,000 gallons, which works out at 30.33 gallons per head of the population. There were 6,438,000,000 gallons in store at the end of the month.

KING OF THE BELGIANS REPORTED ENGAGED.



Surprise has been caused at the Courts of Europe by the statement that the King of the Belgians (on the right) is to marry Princess Louise of Orleans, sister of the Duke of Orleans.

So frightened were two young children at Keighley by the behaviour of a drunken man in the house that they jumped out of their bedroom window into the yard. Fortunately they escaped serious injury.

Colliers of the parish have quarried the stone for the new church of St. Colomba, Broughton Moor, Cumberland, dug the foundations, and subscribed £100.

Owing to the continued prosperity in the cotton trade one of the banks at Rawtenstall, Lancashire, has had a record taking for one day, over £200 being received in small sums from workpeople.

"I declare this bazaar to be open," said a little maid of six years who had been sent to a sale of work at Derby in place of her mother. "I can't sew myself," she added, "but I shall buy some things."

At Kingston (Surrey) robins have built a nest on the ends of five pieces of deal, 2in. by 1in. and 2ft. 6in. long standing behind the door of a shop in course of erection in the Richmond-road. Five eggs have been hatched.

Pitiously entreating the magistrates to send her to a home away from the town, Hild Bee, the good-looking servant-girl who tried to drown herself in the sea, was yesterday remanded at Scarborough. She said she was tired of being in service and wanted to be a shopgirl.

Although special arrangements were made for the personal cleansing of the great football crowd attending the Crystal Palace for the final Cup-tie, the rush was so great, says a report to the Lambeth Borough Council issued last night, that pails had to be requisitioned as washing-basins, and the services of the hospice were utilised in addition.

Hatherley (Devon) church bells have been silent for over five months owing to the ringers having struck, it is said, against outside interference.

Fines amounting to £156 were promptly paid yesterday by thirty-one Stockton-on-Tees bookmakers, on whom the police made a raid on the quayside.

Ice-cream caused the death of Julia Cloney, the seven-year-old daughter of a Shadwell stevedore, and a verdict of Death by Misadventure was returned at last night's inquest.

Artistically constructed cottages for working men in Dulwich Village are being provided by the governors of Dulwich College. There are shrubberies at either side of the houses.

It was announced last night that provision has been made in this year's Army Estimates for the employment of eight retired officers on recruiting duties. The salary is £400 per annum, and an amount equal to their retired pay.

In Portsmouth parish church a memorial window, dedicated to old Grammar School boys who lost their lives in the South African war, has been unveiled.

Leeds is infested with rats, chiefly in the Kirkgate Market. They do enormous harm to fruit and vegetables, and a professional rat-catcher is to be called in.

Orders for twenty-eight million cartridges have been received at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and will be proceeded with at once in the laboratory department.

Sir Hubert Parry has had a complete breakdown in health, and has been ordered abroad immediately.

QUIET FINISH TO CHESTER RACES.

Accident to Lord Derby's Candidate in the Cheshire Stakes.

CATTY CRAG'S WIN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHESTER, Thursday Night.—A remarkably successful meeting ended this afternoon on the Rood-eye, and though the concluding stage was quiet in contrast with the vivacity and bustle of Cup day, the executive make a return showing the aggregate to constitute a "record" in results.

Lowering clouds threatened a repetition of the overnight rain, and the absence of sunshine dulled the scene. No luck attached to the Duke of Westminster's colours, but it was only after a fine struggle in the Dee Stakes that Tankard got beaten by Chuckaway. The latter horse, a brother to Throwaway, thus credited Mr. Frank Alexander with one of the richest prizes of the week.

Mr. George Thursty, most accomplished of amateurs now riding, expected to win with Kama—and this hope was shared by the heavy brigade of backers, some of whom accepted "even money" that Kama would score.

Much excitement was developed in the finish of this race, as Chuckaway got home by a neck, and a few inches further back came Kama, whose supporters emphatically declared that Mr. Thursty delayed the final dash altogether too late.

VEDAS HELD FOR THE DERBY.

Criticism on the unsuccessful is usually extremely acrid, and savours of disappointment and bitterness rather than sound judgment. Chuckaway had previously won over this peculiar course, and his form in easily beating Sir Evelyn, Minius, Signorino, and others at Newmarket was worthy of great respect. Vedas, as expected, was an absentee, and doubtless the colt is held in reserve for the Derby.

By the way, the latest London betting shows that the French tactics do not shake the firm favouritism of Lord Rosebery's Cicero for the great Epsom race. No one can say with certainty which candidate M. Blanc will select to uphold the honour of France. The latest indications point to Val d'Or.

PACE EGGER CUTS CAPERS.

Lord Derby's representative in the Great Cheshire Handicap, the most attractive item on the programme for the speculative section, behaved very badly in the preliminaries. Indeed, this Pace Egger colt cut all sorts of capers, finally threw the jockey over his head, and badly injured himself. The horse got spiked, and so cut about that he was withdrawn from the race. His backers, however, lost as Pace Egger colt came under the starter's orders.

Catty Crag was also fractious, and lashed out wildly. This horse almost monopolised the wagering, and his backers witnessed the melee with great anxiety. Some money that would not have been invested on others in normal circumstances was thus given to bookmakers. And Longford Lad, third on the opening day to Powder Puff and Sir Laddo, was backed. So were Lychobite and Lady Yatesbury.

Catty Crag began well when the barrier was raised, and waited on Catgut, bearer of the Rothschild colours for about three furlongs, then came a thrill, ultimately to win in a canter from Palace Yard and Lady Yatesbury, the best Yorkshire race, and once more emphasised the fact that Catty Crag was a most unlucky loser of the Lincoln Handicap.

WONDERFUL LIST OF WINS.

Else, the Baumber trainer, was decidedly unfortunate on that occasion, but he has since compiled a wonderful list of wins. He further supplemented the record yesterday by taking the Wynn Plate with Dinan. The winner is the property of Mr. R. I. Hannam, one of the chief patrons of the Lincolnshire stable, and a man well-known as an all-round sportsman of the best Yorkshire type.

Irish owners reckon Chester with Liverpool and Manchester in their favourite field for exploiting England. Several Hibernians competed against Dinan, and unsuccessfully. Lord Clonmell's curiously-named Hummy Stubber, was unlucky at the start.

Luck in the start determined the fate of several races. Permillier had no better fortune than the previous day. The filly was practically left at the barrier in the Earl of Chester's Welter, which was won by Mr. W. Bass's Red Agnes filly. Major Eustace Loder, who practically depends altogether on Irish horses of his own breeding, scored in the Concomber Handicap with Verveil. Lord Derby's star was the ascendant in the final race—finest struggle of the day—when in a desperate finish between the two American jockeys, Maher and Martin, the former won on Pleiades II, defeating Theodore by about the length of a cigarette.

GREY FRIARS.

Yesterday's racing returns and to-day's programme will be found on p. 14.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1905

A LOGICAL DEMAND.

TO-DAY the Bill which proposes to give women votes is expected to come up in the House of Commons. Little as we like the idea of the gracious and refining influence of woman being lessened by her descent into the arena of sordid party politics, we cannot deny that there is justice in the measure.

If women are saddled with the same responsibilities as men, they ought to be granted the same privileges. "No taxation without representation" is supposed to be a principle of our Constitution. Yet we compel women to pay taxes, and deny them any voice in the government of the country.

Had we refused to allow women to vote in any election, we might have been able to maintain our unjust attitude. But as soon as we gave her the municipal franchise the game was up.

"If paying rates entitles me to vote for borough or county councillors," she said at once, for women have very logical minds, "you must admit that the payment of taxes ought to carry with it the right to take part in the election of M.P.s."

For ourselves, we do admit it, and we hope the Bill will pass this session without any further delay.

A VICTORY FOR DIRT.

The stupid incompetence of the dead-heads who are supposed to look after our interests in the House of Commons has never been more glaringly illustrated than by the Committee which has refused to allow Liverpool to insist upon cleanliness in barbers' shops.

Everyone knows by this time the dangers that will lurk in the hair-brush and the razor, the towel and the sponge, if they are not kept scrupulously clean. Doctors and sanitary authorities are agreed upon the necessity for the utmost care.

What the Liverpool Corporation wanted to do was exceedingly moderate. It fell far short, for instance, of the recommendations made not long ago by the medical officer of health for the City of London.

The House of Commons Committee, to whom the Bill was referred, would not hear of it. They saw no reason why hair-brushes should be washed every day, or why razors should be cleansed, or why sufferers from skin disease should be under an obligation to ask for special treatment. They struck the clauses out.

What are we to do with legislators so utterly blind to the public interest?

GIRLS AT THE PLAY.

The discussion in our columns upon the question raised by Miss Marie Tempest—Should young people go to the theatre as freely as grown-up people?—is one that could not occur in any country but this or the United States.

It is only the prudish Anglo-Saxon race which permits girls to go indiscriminately to all kinds of plays. French people and Germans are shocked when they see fathers and mothers taking their daughters of eighteen or nineteen to pieces like "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" or Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire."

Interesting as these are, and with nothing in them to offend a grown-up man or woman, they touch upon matters with which girls are better kept unfamiliar. There are plenty of pieces suitable for undeveloped minds. The serious theatre ought to be allowed to deal with the problems of life without the intrusion of the young.

Both it and the young will be the better for this. The present state of things is good for neither.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In all negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.—Lord Bacon.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-NIGHT the King attends the concert which is to be given, under the direction of the Prince of Wales, at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Union Jack Club. It was Miss Ethel McCaul, the Florence Nightingale of to-day, who conceived the idea of a resting-place where soldiers and sailors passing through London might be properly fed and housed. Miss McCaul required as much as £70,000 for the building of her club. Most people would have been daunted by the enormous sum, but hers is the faith which moves mountains, or, what is more to the point, society people, and she soon made everybody interested in her scheme.

Miss McCaul organised meetings and indulged everybody's little weakness for speechifying. Colonel Sir Edward Ward was appointed chairman of the committee, and hundreds of distinguished people had their say about the club. Sir Ian Hamilton said the English soldier only wanted to be able to sit down, stretch out his legs, and grumble at the War Office. Sir George White congratulated the committee on having Colonel Ward at its head, called him "the best supply officer since the days of Moses," and told them that their motto ought to be not only "Watch and keep sober," but also "Watch and keep Ward." Thus by dint of speeches, and puns, and much labour the club came into being.

A considerable clamour has been raised of late in favour of getting "old fogies" and aged but

present Duke of Westminster, has just been announced, is the younger of Lord Erne's two daughters, and is a very beautiful girl. Lord Hugh's sister, it is interesting to remember, married a member of the Erne family two years ago—the eldest son, Lord Crichton. Lord and Lady Erne are very well known in political circles, and Lady Erne once almost suffered martyrdom in the cause of Conservatism. An Irish Nationalist threw a bit of Belfast limestone at the carriage in which she was driving, with the late Sir Stafford Northcote, and it struck her in the back, causing a painful wound. She keeps the bit of stone still—as a paper-weight.

Very impressive were the remarks of Lord Justice Mathew, made at the Catholic Prisoner's Aid Society, about the hope of reclaiming human nature even in prisons. In spite of his obvious sympathy for unhappy outcasts, Sir James is by no means to be made a dupe by them. Some years ago a shady person, carrying an obviously painted bird, accosted him near the Law Courts, and asked him to what species he thought it belonged. The Judge looked hard at the man, and said, "Judging from the old proverb that birds of a feather flock together I should say that it was a gaul-bird." The bird-seller disappeared round the corner.

It is interesting to hear that one of Mr. Piner's faces, "The Cabinet Minister," is to be revived at the Haymarket Theatre with Miss Wini-

"ANGEL OF MERCY," 85 TO-DAY.



Miss Florence Nightingale, whom all England loves for her great work for soldiers, celebrates her eighty-fifth birthday to-day. One portrait shows her as she was, fifty years ago, when she went out to nurse the wounded in the Crimea, and the other as she is to-day.—(London Stereoscopic.)



incompetent people out of the House of Commons. Young men certainly seem to be responding to the demand, and the latest candidate, Lord Lewisham, who is to stand for West Bromwich, is only twenty-four. He was a popular man at Oxford. The best set, which is an exclusive set, at Christ Church appointed him its head. He was president of the Bullingdon Club, whose main object is to dress in striking blue coats with brass buttons and to dine rather heavily once a term.

Lord Lewisham's father, Lord Dartmouth, was himself at Christ Church, and was, and is still, renowned as an enthusiast for golf and cricket. He is by no means average, also, to good practical joking. Staying once with some friends in Scotland, he perceived that all the men but himself were kilted during the day. It annoyed him to be out of the fashion. Therefore he appeared one morning at breakfast with a bath towel simulating a kilt, with a bath sponge instead of a sporran, and a toothbrush in his stocking for a dirk. That is the sort of humour that does not appeal to Scotsmen.

Can it be possible that the predominating influence of Eton and Harrow is declining, as far as sport is concerned, at Oxford? I notice, year after year, that the proportion of Etonians and Harrovians playing in the Freshmen's Cricket Match is far smaller than it used to be, and, in point of fact, I know that far more small and comparatively obscure schools send men to the University than used to be the case. Now, instead of all Eton and Harrow, one finds one or two from these schools, and the rest from Zanzibar High School, from the Central Sahara Seminary, or from places similarly remote.

Lady Mabel Crichton, whose engagement to Lord Hugh Grosvenor, a youthful uncle of the

fred Emery in the part played at the Court by Mrs. John Wood. For once, Mr. Cyril Maude will have to be extremely unsympathetic. We have seen him playing foolish people, but never one so mean as the horrid little Jew, Joseph Lebanon. It is strange, by the way, that Miss Emery should be playing a part "created" by the veteran actress of the English stage, delightful Mrs. John Wood, only fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Wood is herself to reappear at Drury Lane, next autumn. Actresses, however often they may retire, appear to have a way of arising, like phoenixes, from the ashes of their former selves. About five years ago Mrs. Wood, after drawing £100 a week during a long run at Drury Lane, announced her intention of withdrawing to the fields. She has lived since then in a peacefully-situated house at Birchington, and she spends literally her whole day gardening there. Breakfast is at twelve o'clock, which sounds sybaritic, but is not so at all, seeing that there is no meal between breakfast and tea—a long interval spent by Mrs. Wood in planting, weeding, and digging the beloved garden.

The production of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" by a society of amateurs recalls the history of the original French version. Sarah Bernhardt had accepted this for production at her theatre, and it would probably have been played there had it not been that the author's ruin came about just at the moment when all was being got ready for it. It had been performed once or twice, however, at another theatre in Paris, and had been pronounced by all the critics to be full of reminiscences of other men's work. Oscar, when accused of imitating others, replied: "Certainly. Whenever I read a masterpiece I make a point of mentally signing it."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

RECKLESS MOTOR DRIVING.

I read that the committee of the Automobile Club is "absolutely determined to continue its firm policy as to the suppression of reckless driving."

Does this mean that the committee will insist, under penalty of exclusion from the club, on members obeying the law which places the speed limit at twenty miles an hour?

Yet, if the committee, by its continued apathy on this point, encourages law-breaking, how on earth can it expect to exercise an influence on reckless driving?

St. James's.

T. D. K.

IS HOME-WORK BAD?

Home-work, as now given to scholars, is both injurious to their health and also a great bore to those at home.

For example, we have a little brother who brings home piles of Latin and geometry for one of us to do, and French for the other.

Although one does not begrudge some help to one's brother, repeatedly having to do his work becomes a tax.

A BROTHER AND SISTER.

Muswell-hill.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

I should like to place on record the fact that during my thirty and more years of Poor Law work I have relieved but six total abstinents.

Probably the cases for relief passing my books for that time would total from 10,000 to 12,000. Surely this is "one" for Sir F. Trevelyan.

R. O. S.

Your correspondents seem to misunderstand my letter.

In your leader on this subject you pointed out that medical men were constantly prescribing alcohol in one form or other, and asked what were the lay public to think of their doing so in face of the assertion by a head of the profession that alcohol is a poison in any form or quality?

I simply wrote that the rank and file of the profession acted in accordance with the views and experience of men in equally high positions as Sir Frederick Treves or Sir Andrew Clark.

If any of your readers interested in the subject will refer to the last edition of Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine" and read the article on alcohol by Professor C. Biny (Bonn) and also see how often alcohol is recommended to be administered by the various authors, they will not be surprised that a medical man asks "Where do we stand?"

The late Sir William Jenner allowed our King (then Prince of Wales) a glass of bitter ale when recovering from typhoid fever. Surely we need not be blamed for following such a leader of the profession.

Brighton.

S. G. WATSON, M.R.C.S.

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Miss Florence Nightingale.

THE woman who holds almost the first place in the affections of the nation celebrates her eighty-fifth birthday to-day, and though an invalid, her every thought is given now, as it has always been, to the improvement of nursing in both civil and military hospitals.

What the nation thinks of her is shown by the popularity of her name, Florence. She received it from the accident of her being born in that city.

Till she made it famous it was unknown. One year the senior of Queen Victoria, she devoted herself to nursing from her earliest days. As there was no means of getting instruction at home she went abroad and returned to apply it. Then came the great moment of her life, the Crimean war.

Till she went out with her little band of nurses there was practically no organised hospital nursing. She had 10,000 wounded under her care at once, and slaved for them. They kissed her shadow as she passed, and little wonder.

When she returned home a grateful nation presented her with £50,000, and she gave it back in the form of the nurses' training institute.

Now she is suffering for the men she worked for in the terrible Crimea. She did not give them her life, but she gave them her health, and she has been an invalid for many years.

But she is still strong with her mission. She still follows the events of the day, she is still person to be consulted upon any new project. She has still "the voice of velvet and the will of steel," for which she was famous fifty years ago, and she still celebrates each year the anniversary of the fall of Sevastopol.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 11.—The gardener's heart ought to be bursting with joy, for the flowers of May are here.

Pansy faces greet one everywhere. In a few days the smaller, but lovely, violas will be in their full beauty.

The tall and graceful May-flowering tulips begin to open. They are certainly more beautiful than their early relations, and last much longer in bloom.

Forget-me-nots still dazzle one with their blues. They seed themselves freely, and, if growing in moist ground, will supply any number of young plants for next year's spring-garden. How brave the nightingale is! Last night it sang two paces from where I stood.

E. F. T.

Raunds Strikers March to the War Office to Tell Their Griev



"General" Gribble's band halted for refreshments supplied to them by the sympathising bootmakers of Harpenden, who turned out to wish their friends "God speed" on their march to London.



Mr. E. Bird, the oldest of the marching strikers. In six months he will be sixty.



The collectors taking in money to keep the marching bootmakers lodging. Sympathy was expressed substantially, the good behaviour earning commendation.

GRAND DUCHESS'S TROUSSEAU "MADE IN GERMANY."



There are complaints that the gowns of the Grand Duchess Cécilie, who is to marry the Crown Prince of Prussia, are being made in Paris, but this photograph shows children of Ihleslo, in Mecklenburg, making some of the lace which she will wear.

UNION JACK CONCERT.



Mme. Kirkby Lunn, who is singing at the Union Jack Club concert to-night at the Royal Albert Hall.—(Ellis and Walery.)

THREE-YEAR-OLD GIRL



The spot at Boxmoor where Mary Baldwin (hand corner) was drowned while trying to save his life.

THE RACE FOR THE CHESTER CUP—THE WINNER AND THE SECOND AND THIRD HORSES



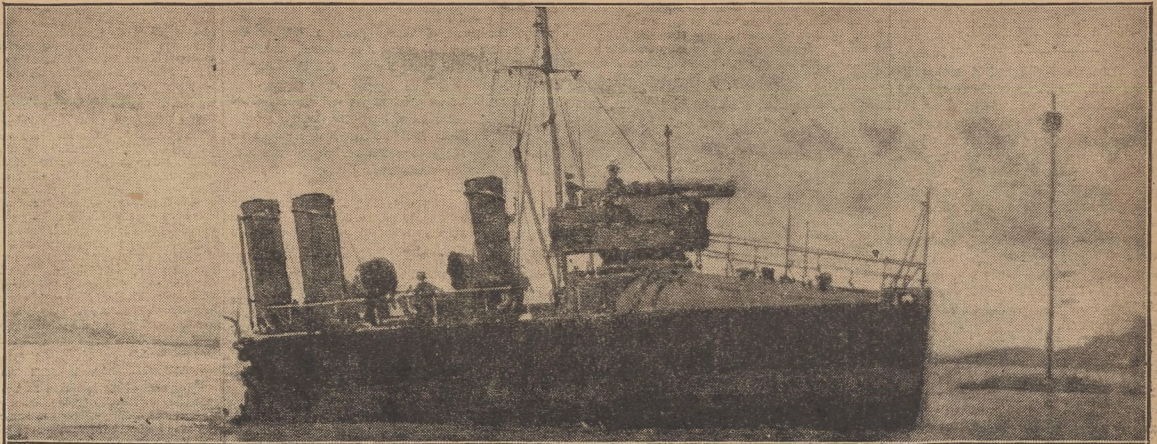
W. Saxby, who rode the winner of the Chester Cup, Imari, owned by Mr. W. Low. It was a victory popular among the house-party visitors, as well as the thousands of Cheshire people who thronged the course.



The finish for the Chester Cup. Imari reaching the winning-post, followed by Mark Time (second) and Throwaway (third). The distance between first and second and second and third was three-quarters of a length.

s.

Torpedo-Boat Destroyer Syren Broken in Two.



ers in food and
hour of the men

The Syren struck on Dog's Rock, at the eastern end of Bere Island, while steaming twenty-six knots an hour. The salvors intend to save each half independently, making it watertight and towing it off, subsequently piecing the two halves together. The forward half of the boat was ashore hard and fast, the stern half being afloat, rising and falling with the waves.—("Illustrated London News.")

HEROIC DEATH.



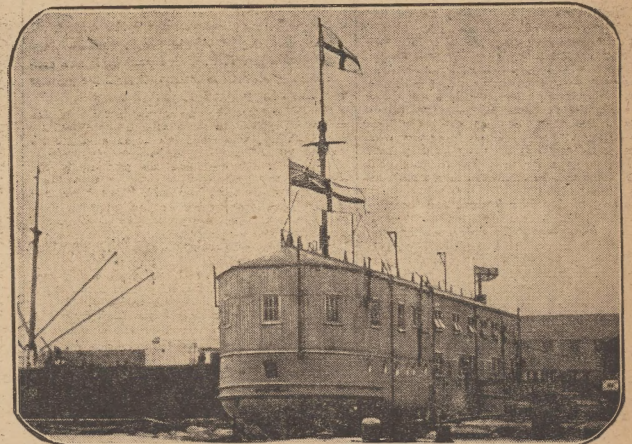
whose portrait appears on the right—
her five-year-old brother, who also lost

A CHARMING CLOWN.



Little Miss Ela Q. May, who appears in "The
Pantaloons" at the Duke of York's Theatre.—
(Ellis and Walery.)

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S FLAGSHIP.



The President, a vessel captured by us from the Americans, lies in the West India
Docks proudly floating the flag of the Admiral of the Channel Squadron. She is
used as drill-ship for Naval Reserves.

RECEIVED, IN ADDITION TO THE STAKES, CHAMPION CHESHIRE CHEESES WORTH £5.



The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who came with a large house party from Eaton Hall
to the race. On the extreme right, smoking a cigar, is the Earl of Lonsdale. On the left of
the Duke is Mr. John Porter (in a silk hat).



Mr. S. G. Pickering, trainer of the winning Imari, watching the winner, which, in addition
to carrying off 2,500 sovereigns, won a £5 Cheshire cheese. The cheese, of course, does not
go to the horse, but to its owner.

CAN WOMEN COMBINE?

They Have, as a Sex, No Comradeship, and No Settled Policy Over To-day's Suffrage Bill.

To-day the Woman's Suffrage Bill makes its annual appearance in the House of Commons, and at a moment when all women should be of a mind it finds them instead divided into opposing camps.

One party looks upon the present Bill as a half-measure which is better than nothing. The other demands nothing less than complete adult suffrage, and contends that the present Bill will only succeed, if passed, in postponing the measure they are working for.

How is it that woman as a whole is unable to take up any settled policy? Man as a whole stands together and knows what he wants. Woman does not, and never has. She has no "esprit de corps," no comradeship, no common ground on which the whole sex takes its stand.

Of course, modern women indignantly deny this assertion. They say it is out of date, old-fashioned, in a word absurd. They point triumphantly to women's clubs, leagues, federations, associations, and ask how these can exist without comradeship.

Long ago a certain gentleman in argument with Dr. Johnson insisted that he had some nice peartrees in his orchard. "Sir, you have no fruit in your orchard," was the great doctor's crushing reply. In like manner, one can reply that, in spite of clubs and associations, the real essential quality or fruit is lacking.

CLUBS PROVE NOTHING.

Women have proved themselves distinctly "clubbable," we are told. So they have. But man's comradeship as a sex is not proved by his clubs any more than by his associations and federations. He shows that comradeship in many ways. Is it not a generally admitted fact that men observe far greater reticence than women in discussing each other's personal appearance, character, and affairs?

Any woman can supply instances of woman's maliciously inquisitive gossiping about others of their sex. Almost anywhere, where a number of women are gathered together, they will discuss their sisters. But let one of them, especially if she be good-looking and well-dressed, leave the room, and the remainder will at once say all they know against her, and ask for more information. Her private business will be canvassed in the most unblushing manner.

Only the other day in a hydro, one woman—with whom all the others were on the best of terms, by the way—was the object of universal gossip. It was known that her husband was abroad. Why is he there? Why is she here? Why are they not together; and why is she here alone? were heard whenever she was not present.

If women as a whole had comradeship such gossiping would be impossible.

There are, of course, many authentic anecdotes of smoking-room gossip, and of the insatiable curiosity of certain old gentlemen who have nothing

to do, but such instances are rare, and the men scarcely representative of their sex. If one man is in trouble another will refrain from spreading the news. If A meets B taking a lady, he does not mention the fact—he forgets it.

But as regards woman and her erring sister, well—perhaps her attitude here is more suggestive of real, instinctive comradeship than anything else she does. It is unanimous, uncompromising blame from all the virtuous to all the wrong-doers of the sex. Woman's nearest approach to a common ground for the whole sex is that on which the good stand in opposition to—the others. It is, however, not to the highest advantage of the sex, as a whole, nor to that of the race as a whole.

THE "MAN'S WOMAN."

Instances of woman's lack of comradeship might be multiplied. There is the woman who wishes to be what she calls a man's woman, and professes to despise members of her own sex. She cannot "get on" with women, she says. Do we ever hear a man say he cannot get on with men, and that he does not like them?

Surely women workers, those who work to live, must find it necessary to unite closely, to present an unbroken front to the world. Yet, how difficult it is to get women to combine in their work or profession. How readily they will undersell each other!

In professions such as typewriting, for instance, women will not form trade unions. They could command the market if they would. But each woman prefers to be a free lance.

The secret is that the woman worker only intends to work for a time, as long as she please her, as long as she must. She will drop out of the army of workers presently, and is indifferent as to what becomes of the army afterwards. Her real business in life is, she hopes, not teaching or typewriting, but marriage.

PIRATES AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor as Mediator in the Much-Vexed Copyright Question.

There is a possibility that the deadlock in the music-publishing trade will shortly be settled.

The publishing firms have found a parliamentary champion in Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who is now conducting negotiations in order to smooth the passage of a Music Copyright Bill.

It will be remembered that the last Bill of this nature introduced to the House was wrecked by Mr. Caldwell, who stood up as an advocate for "cheap music" for the people.

Mr. O'Connor explained his position to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I first made sure," he said, "that I was not interfering with any other member's prerogatives, and I also obtained the permission of the music publishers to go on their own behalf."

Then I made a proposal to Mr. Caldwell, which he promptly accepted.

"I proposed that he should draft a Bill embodying his views on the subject of music copyright. This he has consented to do."

I hope shortly to receive this draft from Mr. Caldwell, and then I do not despair of a speedy and amply of arriving at some compromise acceptable to both parties."

the middle of the night, and when Joe Marvis reached the stables he was boiling over with rage.

"Who the what the—?" he shouted, as he strode across the lawn; then when the moonlight disclosed Merrick, fully dressed and cut and torn and bleeding, his voice and his string of adjectives left him.

He gazed in dumb amazement. Slowly he took the situation in, and quickly his rage evaporated as his sense of humour took its place. He roughly guessed what had happened.

"You've made a mistake, haven't you, Billy," he grinned.

"A mistake he'll have to pay dearly for," Merrick said sharply, but Marvis only laughed aloud.

In his heart he was secretly glad that Merrick had been unable to resist seeing King Daffodil, after all; his apparent apathy with regard to the case, and his had puzzled and hurt the trainer. He was glad he hadn't changed, he was glad he was as keen as ever.

And as for Billy—he heaved a sigh of gratitude. Billy still wore the halo that Lyn had given him. Billy was still the guardian angel of King Daffodil.

"You'd better go and tell The Brute if he doesn't keep quiet I'll shoot him," he said kindly. "Get on now."

Billy touched his forehead—where his cap should have been—and turned away.

The trainer linked his arm in Merrick's.

"Come along to bed, my boy. Got a nasty cut on the forehead, haven't you?" he chuckled.

"Lyn will see to that to-morrow—but she'll think you've been playing Romeo, eh?"

"Billy will have to go," Merrick said curtly.

Merrick shook his head.

"Don't be a fool; you ought to thank Heaven that we've got Billy. Whilst Billy's here, the colt is safe."

Merrick felt the colour flood his face; his conscience sat up and laughed aloud jeeringly.

"Why didn't you wake me up and ask for the keys," the trainer continued kindly. "Spoke you thought I'd refuse. You couldn't wait until day-break to see this year's Derby winner, eh?"

This year's Derby winner!

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE'S NEW POEMS.

Lady Margaret Sackville published a little book of verse a few years back, and many readers saw in it the proof of a true poetic gift. Now she follows this up with another slim volume, "A Hymn to Dionysus and other Poems" (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d.).

She again shows a talent for writing melodious lines. With the form of her verse there is seldom any fault to find. It is the matter of it which we would gladly see more various and more individual. Lady Margaret is still raking among the poetic materials of the past.

She will hymn a Greek God, she will throw into dialogue a Greek legend; she digs up Morgan de Fay again, and does a ballad after the fashion of Villon, rhymes and cut-purse, and cut-throat, too; if ancient records speak true. But for the real stuff of poetry, which is criticism of life, we seek in vain.

The pieces most to our mind in the book are the landscapes, "Sunset" and "Autumn." Here are two stanzas that leave a picture in the mind:—

A sullen mass of gold, the sky
Broods lowering on approaching night,
Who, half asfared, stands timorous by
Falters, nor dares to close in fight
With savage and exultant day—
wounded Titans at bay
Subdued at last, the fierce sun slips
Below the horizon's shadowy rim;
Creaking, with strained and bleeding lips,
Yet to that golden's bleeding brim,
Which, emptied of day's draught divine,
Night fills with dark, reluctant wine.

And this of an autumn evening puts what many of us have felt into words which express it quite simply and perfectly:—

The day wanes—
But not triumphantly, as when
Like a God visible to men
She stained the burning skies with gold,
But rather as one at length grown old,
Who has no present hope and none
To-morrow, and nought to seek or shun,
Demanding nothing save a deep
And full sufficiency of sleep.
Ah, like the beggar, does he sleep,
Ashamed, tread out her luckless way.

Lady Margaret is a sister of Lord De la Warr. Her sister, Lady Mary Sackville, is one of the most beautiful women of the day.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE SECOND MRS. JIM, by Stephen Conrad. Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. A story of domestic life told by the second Mrs. Jim herself in conversational form in the "connected short story" style.

A PATHFINDER'S POCKETFUL OF JOG-TROT RHYMES, with sketches by "Chum." R. E. Taylor and Son, 6d. An amusing little book of verse, daintily got up.

THE WISE WOODS, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Heinemann, 6s. A really first-class novel. Vadi, a girl of half-gipsy blood, gives her money anonymously to the man she loves and who needs it, and then goes back to the life of the caravan, only to leave that in its turn for the dreary civilisation of suburbia. Hardly dramatic, but it grips the reader to the end.

ROSE OF THE WORLD, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Smith, Elder, 6s. The tragedy of a woman who marries for a second time and the marvellous return to life of her first husband. A well-told tale.

Was King Daffodil going to win the Derby? Merrick started; it seemed as if a voice had shouted the question aloud.

"Did you see him?" continued Marvis. "He's looking very fit—but he'll look fitter yet and finer before the day. A few good gallops with you on his back, eh?"

Merrick nodded; he found it difficult to speak. His rage and resentment had vanished.

It was not Billy who would have to go, it was he himself. He couldn't face the three or four weeks that lay before him.

Day after day the sole topic of conversation—King Daffodil! The sole thought—King Daffodil! The sole interest, the sole reason of existence—King Daffodil! And he, King Daffodil's jockey, his owner and the little Esop home victor.

"I can't do it," he groaned, in the solitude of his own room. "I can't do it!"

Little sleep came to him that night, and when he did sleep nightmare racked his brain.

He was up soon after four and a cold bath soon steadied his nerves and refreshed him for the moment.

Of course, he had to face a volley of chaff from Marvis and innumerable questions from Lyndal.

She was looking the picture of perfect girlhood in her neat brown habit; she looked like dawn-fresh, alert, and pure, with infinite possibilities.

And King Daffodil! To tell the truth, he was

Merrick's heart beat like a sledge-hammer when the downs were reached and the colt's clothing removed. King Daffodil looked a picture, too. A king among horses, a thoroughbred indeed. Tears sprang to Lyndal's eyes as she rubbed the colt's nose and ran her hand along his neck.

"I shall never ride you again," she whispered.

"Dear King—but you won't care, because you know the triumph that waits for you. Dear old King!"

Merrick heard her, and a lump rose in his throat—and a curse to his lips—a curse at the Wheel of Destiny.

"Now then."

Someone gave him a leg-up. And a thrill went

(Continued on page 11.)

WHY PEOPLE GET ILL.

Few discoveries have been more remarkable, or have had such striking results in all directions, as the discovery of the important part that microbes play both in health and disease. These living organisms are so exceedingly small that it takes a strong microscope to make them visible, and yet countless myriads of them surround us at every moment of the day, and fight for or against man, he being entirely unconscious all the time of the work they are doing.

MICROBES THAT CAUSE DISEASE.

The whole theory of the treatment of disease has been changed by the fact that we now know that most, if not all, of the microbes that cause disease are due to the microbes of disease. We now know that scrofula, that terrible scourge, consumption, tumours, erys, abscesses, boils, and other blood diseases are all due to microbes which have in some way gained admission to the body. Their breeding places are bad drains, foul air, unhealthy surroundings, poisoned wounds, and from all of these great armies of microbes march out to attack men, women, and children. That is why every year more and more attention is being paid to sanitation with the result that the death-rate is steadily falling. Thousands of men and women are living and working to-day who would have died had they been born fifty years ago, when the germ theory of disease was unknown.

WE ARE ALL LIABLE TO ATTACK.

Everyone of us is liable to be attacked by the microbes or disease germs which surround us, and however careful we may be, some will find a way into our bodies. Now let us see what happens. In the blood there are countless numbers of living, moving bodies known as corpuscles, some of them red and some of them white. The work of the red corpuscles is to carry oxygen from the air we breathe into every part of the body, but that of the white is rather different. The white corpuscles have feelers and suckers, and move about backwards and forwards in the blood. When they meet the mischievous microbes which have got into the blood they kill and eat them up, and thus prevent them doing mischief.

MAINTAIN THE PURITY OF YOUR BLOOD.

If you want to prevent the microbes of disease from injuring you, your army of home defence must be kept strong and vigorous. If this is done the microbes will be unable to do you any harm, and you are in what is called a low condition of health, if your blood is impure, or the proportion of white corpuscles is smaller than it should be, you will "catch" diseases, as people say, that those who are careful to keep themselves strong and healthy manage to avoid. That is why it is so important to have plenty of good, wholesome, nourishing food, and to keep your dwelling-places well ventilated, well lighted, and well drained. There is nothing that the germs of disease dread so much as light, good food, and pure air.

HOW YOU MAY PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

There are certain elements that destroy disease microbes, and these are found in the natural mineral springs of Harrogate, Strathpeffer, and other places. That is why doctors send their patients to drink the waters at those springs. When your medical man tells you that your troubles are due to the impurity of your blood he suggests that you should drink the Harrogate waters; and says that if you do this you will regain your health as a result. Many people, however, find this is too expensive or for some reason inconvenient, and their needs can easily be met. There is no necessity of going to Harrogate, as the same elements which give it value to the Harrogate waters are contained in the "Antexema Granules," and these you can take in your own home at a cost of less than a halfpenny a day. You thus get the benefit of the treatment without losing your time, spending many pounds of your money, and interrupting your business.

WHAT "ANTEXEMA GRANULES" ARE.

They are the cheapest and best form of blood medicine known, as they purify the blood and act as an antidote to poisonous matter. They are beautifully made under careful scientific direction, they do not upset the digestion or stain the teeth, they are not aperient, and are sugar-coated, so that children take them as readily as adults.

WHAT "ANTEXEMA GRANULES" CURE.

"Antexema Granules" should be taken whenever the blood is impure and you have spots, blotches, scurvy, blackheads, or breakings-out on your face or other part of the body. They are the very best possible remedy for boils, carbuncles, and whitlows; and for those forms of indigestion which, in people of nervous disposition, cause asthma, "Antexema Granules" are magical in their effect. For a similar reason they are a cure for whooping cough and St. Vitus' Dance, both of which are nervous complaints; and many cases of diabetes are cured by "Antexema Granules." They cannot, of course, cure a cancer or tumour when it has once formed, but they purify the blood so powerfully that their regular use will prevent return of the disease after operation.

"Antexema Granules" (registered) have no laxative or aperient action, and many cases of indigestion are cured by "Antexema Granules." They are prepared under careful scientific direction, and supplied in wooden bottles containing 100 granules by all Chemists and Drug Stores for 1s. 1d., or, post free, 1s. 2d., from the "Antexema" Company, 83c, Castle-road, London, N.W. "Antexema" is the name of the granules, and "Antexema Soap," the perfect soap for bath, toilet or nursery, form the complete "Antexema Treatment," which is supplied for 2s. 9d.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL HAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of 5 and well-dressed, like Mrs. Hilary.

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XII.

The Brute was still keeping up an infernal din, rattling his heels against the sides of the cow-house.

Before Merrick could reply to Billy's last remark a window of the house was thrown open and a head appeared silhouetted against the sky, whilst a deep voice thundered:

"What the deuce is happening? What's all this infernal row about? Who's that man, Billy? What's he doing there with you?"

Marvis had recognised the voice of his head lad, and for a few seconds he had serious misgivings. Had the Old Adam, which he had thought eradicated, proved too strong for Billy at last? If so—there was a gun at the foot of Joe Marvis's bed, and fury lurked in his heart.

"You'd better come down and see who 'tis," replied Billy. "Praps he'll explain what he's up to to you."

Marvis muttered something about shooting on sight as he pulled on a pair of boots and tumbled into an overcoat.

No man likes to be roused from his first sleep in

BRAVE "POLICEWOMAN" HONOURED BY THE FORCE.



The police of the Bethnal Green station presented a clock to Mrs. Stella Ryan, who pluckily rescued a policeman who had been knocked down by aliens. She blew his whistle and captured one of the assailants.

BLACKBURN'S MAN HOUSEWIFE



Mr. Lightbown, who stays at home, bakes bread, and attends to the children while his wife goes out and works. Here he is seen plaiting his daughter's hair. Men "housewives" are numerous in Lancashire.

SOLICITORS SHOT.



Miss Doughty, who is accused of shooting two solicitors, Messrs. C. M. and L. Swan—father and son. She was too ill to appear at Marlborough-street yesterday, and the case was accordingly adjourned for a week.



Mrs. Ryan and the clock which was presented to her for her heroism in saving the life of a member of the force.

LOST IN THE WINNING

(Continued from page 11.)

through his body, a thrill he had not known for a long time.

He trembled, the colt trembled, too. Man and beast took deep breaths of the keen, clear air; their two bodies seemed as one; a minute's pause, a movement forward, a pawing and stamping and a friendly kick.

Then—then the wind began to whistle and sing; the mists on the hills parted. The music of the horse's hoofs on the turf joined with the laughing wind.

Man and beast were one. Faster—faster—faster—the colt pulling at the reins, the man seemingly yielding, yet gently checking him.

Faster—faster—faster—yet Joe Marvis watching with his glasses knew that Merrick was not allowing King Dafodil to fully extend himself, and Merrick, bending low over the King's head with his hands well down, knew the colt was only playing with his speed.

The winner of the Derby? The laughing wind shrieked the question. "The winner of a record Derby," Merrick's heart replied.

Win? Of course he could... of course he should.

The blood poured through Merrick's veins again—a fresh, healthy stream. The blood of a man, a sportsman, a man of honour, a man one with his horse.

The brute gave him the courage no human had been able to give him.

"I can't do it," he cried, "King Dafodil shall win, and I'll ride him. Curse Vogel, and curse The Devil!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Joe Marvis's wrinkled, tanned face was wreathed in smiles when Arthur Merrick pulled King Dafodil up and dismounted. The precious three-year-old was carefully "wrapped in his sheets" again and led homewards, joining the string of Rose Cottage horses.

Even Billy found it difficult to prevent his apology for a face slipping into a smile: he blinked furiously and scratched his head repeatedly, and murmured strange words, found in no dictionary, under his breath.

But no one spoke aloud.

Merrick mounted his pony and trotted between

Lyndal and Marvis; Billy walked with the team, close to the lad who was leading King Dafodil. The lad's face was one big grin; he was a tiny creature, not five feet in height; looking at him a humorist advised Marvis not to allow him out on a windy day, or he'd lose him!

Now and again Merrick sighed deeply, but it was nearer a sigh of satisfaction than a sigh of regret or discontent.

His face, whipped by the wind, was still scarlet; his heart continued to bang to and fro at a furious rate, and his thoughts followed its action, refusing to settle into any groove at his bidding.

He couldn't think; he could only feel.

And he felt strangely elated. Even as he had given his physical body a cold bath that morning, the gallop on the thoroughbred had given his spiritual body a cold bath, bracing it up and stirring to activity all his best instincts.

Not until the gates of Rose Cottage were reached was the silence broken.

"Well," said Marvis slowly. "Well, Merrick, my boy, what do you think now? I suppose you thought we exaggerated when we wrote to you; you didn't believe all we told you. You believe it now?"

Lyndal turned anxiously towards him, her eyes trying to read his face. For an instant the old shameful feeling returned to him. Then he spoke—the truth!

"I think we've got as big a certainty as has ever been known," he said, and his voice shook with emotion.

"I didn't know the lad felt so keenly," Marvis said when he was left alone with his ward. "But I'm glad. I was afraid he had changed—until I

found him trying to have a look at the colt last night." He laughed hugely. "I wish you'd been there to see, Lyn."

Lyndal said nothing. She had seen; sleep had, for once, refused to lay fingers on her eyes, and she lay awake pondering over her guardian's and Sir Tatton's "foolish mistake."

Did she love Arthur?

The question was asked of herself a hundred times in as many minutes, and every time her heart refused to accept her answer.

Of course she didn't love him. Arthur had spoken for her. She had never thought of loving him; no, never.

Not until her guardian's foolish mistake. Brother and sister. Of course that was all they had ever been; that was all they would ever be to one another, now.

Why did she toss to and fro on her bed with hands and face so warm and red, trying to forget what had passed between the three of them in the little dining-room? Why did her "brother's" return suddenly seem shorn of its joy and delight so fondly anticipated?

And why did those foolish tears continually dim her eyes? Tears were such strangers to Lyndal Maybrick.

Why? Why?

She would not give her heart an answer.

She had waited for Arthur to knock at her door on her way to bed—pretending, of course, to herself, that she did not care—she had heard him pass, and she cried out bitterly that he had forgotten.

Then when he retraced his steps and wished her good-night she replied coldly, and her door remained fast.

He did not love her.

She had neither expected nor asked his love.

But when love was spoken of, marriage suggested, it was Arthur Merrick who said: "Oh, no. Friendship, not love; brotherly affection, that was all."

(Continued on page 13.)

TO NEWSAGENTS.

Orders should be placed to-day for copies of the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide, which will be on sale early next week.

You will know it by its beautiful cover in colours. Contains more resorts than any other guide. Price 3d.

A HOME CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

The trials of the medical profession during the past 50 years, while trying to discover a cure for deafness, are well told in a pamphlet just published. The little book also tells us that the search for a cure has happily ended in the discovery of Absorba, a medical preparation which, being rubbed into the skin around the ear, is quickly absorbed and carried to the inner parts of the ear. In this way it is able to remove the obstructions which cause deafness, effecting a complete cure of the head noises and defective hearing. The simplicity of the new treatment allows it to be carried out at home. Anyone interested can obtain a pamphlet by writing (mentioning "Daily Mirror") to Absorba, Limited, 18, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, London, W.C., agents for this preparation. Absorba is supplied in tubes at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. post free to any part of Great Britain on receipt of price.—[ADVT.]

CLOTHES.

YOU are wanting new clothing, are you not? It is the season for most men to get a new suit. You can get here the nicest looking, best fitting, new suit your heart could wish for, on credit, by paying a small sum down, and the balance in little weekly or monthly instalments. And, let us emphasize this fact, there is no other made-to-measure tailoring firm in this country that can match our styles, quality, fit, price, and credit terms. We are doing a larger trade than ever—simply because of the excellent clothing we offer at modest cost. Write for patterns and self-measurement form, and you can buy your Suit on Easy Terms, or secure 2/- in the £ discount by paying cash. We pay carriage. Say whether you want dark or light patterns when you write.

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These are good black boots, leather lined, kid legs, and constructed on comfort principles, and look as smart as style could wish for. They are as good a boot as the 15s. lines of most makers, but will cost you only 10s. 6d. Easy terms. Write for and particularly mention "boots" catalogue. With it we will send self-measurement form, and for cash orders we allow 2s. in the £ discount.

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WELL PARK BREWERY, GLASGOW.

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A scientific treatise by one of the most practical and advanced writers, dealing exhaustively with Catarrh and Lung and Chest Diseases, showing sufferers how to diagnose their own case and treat themselves with perfect safety at home. It gives particulars of a prompt and inexpensive cure. This indispensable and highly important medical work should be in the hands of every sufferer. A copy will be sent on receipt of name and address (postcard will do). Address, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., M.120, Ayton-buildings, King-street West, Manchester.

6

pages—The London "Evening News," which is the evening edition of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

COSMETICS MADE OF FRESH STRAWBERRIES—NEW BELTS AND PRETTY MILLINERY.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

THE FIGURE IMPROVED BY EASY PROCESSES.

"I wonder if I might ask you other questions," said Cecily Mannering, when Mrs. Templar had finished her remarks on colouring the hair.

"Ask her anything," said Belinda gaily. "I assure you I spend my time asking questions, and she never seems to get tired."

"Then how can I develop my figure?" asked Cecily. "My mother says I am so very flat-chested. Can I do anything to alter this?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Templar, whose figure was a model of symmetry. "Belinda shall instruct you in the art of deep breathing, as I have taught it to her, and will also teach you certain physical exercises. But I will give you a few individual hints that may be of service to you." "Many thanks," said Cecily gratefully. "I promise to follow your instructions."

Olive Oil for the Figure.

"Every morning dash cold water on your chest many times, and then rub yourself vigorously to make the blood circulate freely. At night take some olive oil and friction the figure very gently, using a rotary movement; but I must warn you to do this most carefully, as some women seriously injure themselves by movements that are too severe."

"I thought olive oil was to be taken inwardly," said Julia. "I am sure I am much fatter since I first began to drink it."

"Miss Mannering can use it both outwardly and inwardly," replied Mrs. Templar. "But she must persevere with it for at least six months, or it will be of no use in developing the figure. Those who are troubled with flabby figures should bathe themselves every night in a decoction of sage tea, made simply by pouring boiling water over sage leaves."



India lawn, of so exceptional a width that one yard only is needed for a blouse, will materialise the above model in pale blue, with a band of darker blue satin as an edging to the cream lace vest.

This acts as an astringent and tightens the skin, making it at once elastic and firm."

"Can I use sage tea for my face?" It gets so blotched at times," said Cecily. "No," replied Mrs. Templar; "only on the bust. I will prescribe a course of sulphur salts for you every morning, a glass of water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda at night, and I will give you a formula for

a lotion that will help to remove the blotches." Belinda handed a pencil and notebook to Cecily, who looked anxiously at her hostess.

"Get the chemist to make up a lotion composed of one ounce of glycerine, half an ounce of rose-mary water, and twenty drops of carbolic acid," said Mrs. Templar. "Use this lotion twice or three times a day, and do not wash your face with soap and water during the time it is blotched. You can powder it well with boric acid at night, as this will also help to remove the soreness."

"Is this good for everyone?" inquired Cecily.

Strawberries for Complexion.

"Few lotions suit every individual skin," replied Mrs. Templar, "and, frankly, it is best to make no general rule, or to say, because an ointment or lotion chances to agree with one person's complexion, therefore it is the thing everybody should use."

"Aren't strawberries good for the complexion?" asked Julia. "I always imagine I should like to use a strawberry lotion; it must smell so deliciously."

"I would rather eat them than use them for my face," murmured Belinda. "It must be so very messy to bathe one's face in strawberries."

"And yet some very famous beauties were wont to preserve the whiteness of their skin by rubbing strawberries over their faces every evening and allowing the juice to dry on," answered Mrs. Templar. "However, when the strawberry time



An immense amount of diversity characterises the belts of to-day. A very fashionable wide one is shown at the top of the picture, made of cafo au lait leather, with little pockets at the sides, and a second composed of strands of velvet is another smart choice.

arrives, you can make this lotion, and you will find it an excellent one for keeping the skin firm and fresh."

"Please lend me the pencil," said Julia hastily. "I think face cosmetics made of fresh fruit must be simply lovely."

"Steep three pints of fresh strawberries in one quart of white wine vinegar. Let this remain for a week, then strain it and pour it off into a bottle," said Mrs. Templar. "I should advise you to use this at the seaside or in any place where the sun is likely to scorch your skin. The two acids should act as a bleach for the skin, but if there is the slightest tendency to soreness, leave off the lotion as it is evidently too strong for your skin."

"What could I use to soften the skin if I thought it was getting too dry?" asked Cecily.

"A soothing, and at the same time stimulating prescription for the skin is composed of one ounce of lanolin, one ounce of almond oil, and half an

ounce of simple tincture of benzoin," answered Mrs. Templar. "Mix the first two ingredients thoroughly together by melting the lanolin and almond oil in a jar placed in a pan of boiling water. Then take it from the fire and pour in drop by drop, stirring briskly all the while, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin. This should be rubbed on the face morning and evening, and it will also be found an admirable cleanser and a good substitute for soap."

(To be continued.)

A PRIZE AWARD.

DAINTY DISH OF EGGS SUITABLE FOR LUNCHEON.

The prize of 5s. for the best recipe for a good luncheon dish with eggs as the chief ingredient is awarded to Mrs. Richardson, Church-road, Horley, Sussex, for her recipe, "Eggs à la Tripe," which is



No hat has made a more immediate success than the shepherdess shown above. It is built of biscuit-coloured straw, wreathed with tea roses and trimmed at the back with masses of pale pink and cream ostrich feathers.

printed below. Highly commended are the recipes sent in by C. Haines, 18, Culverley-road, Catford, S.E., and Margaret I. Cardew, 1, Downside-road, Clifton, Bristol.

EGGS A LA TRIPE.

Take some hard-boiled eggs, slice them with a wet knife, and butter the egg shells in which they are to be served. Place a layer of creamy bechamel sauce at the bottom of the dish, and then a layer of sliced eggs. Sprinkle this lightly with a little finely chopped eschalot and fresh parsley and a little chopped ham. Add another layer of sauce, and then the eggs as before, and continue to arrange the dish in this way till it is full. Let the sauce be on the top, and sprinkle over it a few butter breadcrumbs and about half an ounce of butter broken into pieces. Now place the dish in a tin containing boiling water, and stand it in a hot oven for twenty minutes; then take it up and sprinkle the top with yolk of egg that has been passed through a sieve, and a little chopped parsley. Serve this dish for luncheon, allowing one egg for each person. A good sauce is made by frying one and a half ounces of butter with the same amount of flour and adding to this half

a pint of milk that has been flavoured with a little eschalot, mixing them together. Stir it till it boils, then add a gill of this cream to it and serve it.

ANOTHER PRIZE.

Another prize of 5s. is offered for the best summer breakfast dish that shall not cost more than 1s. 6d. Competitors, who should write on postcards only, should address them to the Woman's Page, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. The postcards should reach us by the first post on Friday, May 19.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER.

Tells the Value of a Good Food.

A mother of a large family living at Bexley Heath, Kent, writes as follows:—

"Last November my little boy of four was suddenly stricken down, and grew so ill the doctor said he could not possibly live; after a while the doctor told us he couldn't do any more for him, but he might with care linger on in this state for a few weeks or months longer. Well, I did not give up hope entirely, but tried all kinds of different foods; but the boy grew thinner and weaker, and his little stomach rejected all nourishment. One day as I sat beside his couch reading I saw an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, and I asked my husband to bring home a packet, which I did the next day. I soaked a teaspoonful in milk, warming it in the oven, and fed the little boy with it, then waited for him to vomit it up, as he usually did after taking any food. I was much surprised, for he kept it down and slept well for some hours; then I repeated the experiment and persevered with it, gradually giving him a little more each time, till he could take the proper quantity."

Gradually he got well, and now enjoys good health and is strong and wiry, and has gone to school this morning.

My eldest girl suffered from chronic indigestion, and after eating would frequently scream with pain; her face would look pinched and grey, and the doctor couldn't cure her, and didn't cure her, and she was growing a nervous, fidgety child. Since using Grape-Nuts she is sturdy, strong, healthy, and a happy little girl, able to eat well, sleep well, play and work well at school.

Our youngest child was so tiny and fragile, had a nasty cough ever since she was born. At seventeen months she had not too much of a sign of one. She could not stand, nor did she evince a desire to do so, and she never was well a week together. I began giving her Grape-Nuts, with these happy results; she has cut ten teeth in rapid succession, she runs about everywhere, and this all came about through using Grape-Nuts. You can understand why I value the food for adults or babies."

There's a reason why Grape-Nuts should have accomplished the remarkable results described above, when other foods and medicine failed; thousands of other mothers have fed their families into health on Grape-Nuts.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Try Grape-Nuts in your own family, and note the improvement in man, woman, and child.

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.



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LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

All day she found herself trying to avoid him; she quite dreaded being left alone with him. But she need not have feared, for Merrick was equally anxious to avoid her.

After a rub down, a change of clothes, and breakfast he announced his intention of going for a good walk, "to get into condition."

"You're all right, don't overdo it," Marvis cried. "And don't smoke."

Merrick nodded, but as soon as he had gone a couple of miles and found himself out of sight of streets and houses, and safe from observation, he turned into a field of high waving grass dotted with ox-eyed daisies and slim red poppies, and throwing himself under the hedge he produced a pipe from his pocket, filled, and lit it.

His nerves had broken loose again, and they jangled and grated madly. At all costs he must calm and control them, for he came out there, not to get into condition, but to try and make sure of himself, of his intentions. He had come where he could be alone with nature and fight a final battle.

Since leaving Vogel's and since the morning's gallop he saw things more clearly; he had got life into some sort of focus, and he realised that whatever road he took he had to make a great and terrible sacrifice.

There was no escape, no help. No lie, no amount of lies could help him. He knew he must either sacrifice Dolores or King Daffodil.

He realised that before? Oh, no, for he forgot that if he sacrificed the horse he sacrificed the lifelong ambition of two honest men; he sacrificed Lyndal; he sacrificed honour, trust, faith, charity—all that was good and beautiful in mankind.

He had promised to save Dolores; he had sworn

that she was more to him than anything on earth.

Item one, a broken promise. Item two, two broken hearts. For surely she loved him? Item three, a life of regret, loneliness, misery. He could not be happy knowing the ruin he had brought on a woman. But for him she would never have found herself in her present terrible position.

On the other side, perhaps three lives, if not ruined, disgraced—if he pulled King Daffodil, prevented the colt from winning—and his fraud were discovered.

Then the devil had poor Merrick by the ear. "Your sin will never be discovered—and you can make reparation. Only a temporary disappointment, life is full of such, and disappointments are soon forgotten."

Truly, he might never be found out; and in the eyes of the world he never sins—unless he is found out. So whispered the devil.

(To be continued.)

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SUPPORT LIFE."

—Lancet.

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A most successful Sale recently held.

Important to Investors in Land.

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ficent views over the town and sea to Shaggy Island.
Ripe for erection of Villas, Bungalows, etc.

MESSRS. PROTHOROE AND MORRIS will
offer for sale by auction in Marquee on Mount Pleasant
on MONDAY, May 15, at 2, 120 CHOICE FREEHOLD
PLOTS. Possession on payment of 10 p.c. Easy payments
of 5 p.c. for cash. No title law vendor, or other charges.
Plan, etc. (rail ticket, 6s.) of vendor, Mr. F. G. Hodgson,
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MESSRS. PROTHOROE AND MORRIS, on
THURSDAY, May 18th, at 2. Usual easy terms. No
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chen, storeroom, and out-house; rent 30s. weekly, or less
for longer reference; if required.—Mrs. Osband, Kolford,
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To Dr. Cassell's Medicine Co., Ltd., March 30th,
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becoming grey very rapidly, owing, I think, to the
intense heat and continual travelling in the deserts and
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reached England I had lost nearly half my hair. A
minister with whom I am acquainted in Liverpool advised me
to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I have taken six a day
for nearly three months, and I am delighted to report
that my hair has entirely stopped falling out, and is
growing naturally again. It has also ceased going
grey; in fact, I am not nearly so grey as I was three
months ago. I never gave a testimonial before in my
life, but I feel that I must record these facts.—Yours
faithfully,



HERR COHEN,
Author and Lecturer.

Portrait of Herr Cohen.

A LUXURIANT HEAD OF HAIR and Improved Health Resulting from Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

22, Oxford Grove, Charlton-on-Medlock,
March 1st, 1905.

Gentlemen,—In answer to your kind inquiry, I am
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have had no return of my complaint, on the contrary I
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I was in a poor state of health. My hair fell out very
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The healthy colour returned to my cheeks, and I feel
much stronger. The most remarkable result was that
my hair stopped falling off, and commenced to grow
luxuriantly. I look quite different now. I had tried
many outward applications, but with no results what-
ever.—Yours faithfully,

MISS LOUISA MERVYN.



Miss L. MERVYN.

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WORN BY ROYALTY.
STATIONARY REVOLVING
SPECIAL QUALITY
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CAUTION.—See the name "WOOD-MILNE" on every pad.
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Wonderful results from the French Treatment which
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preparations have done for others that
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with sample will be sent, one of the numerous
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L. HENRI-FRANCIS, Brixton Road, London, S.W.



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